LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

THE Nation

VOLUME 149 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • AUGUST 5, 1939 NUMBER 6

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 133

EDITORIALS:
NEW DEAL CRISIS 135
HOW TO STOP JAPAN 136
FRANCO'S TROUBLES 137
BARGAINS IN REFUGEES by Freda Kirchwey 137

THE REAL JOHN GARNER
by Kenneth G. Crawford 139

MEXICO TODAY
I. THE HEART OF THE REVOLUTION
by Waldo Frank 140

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA by James H. Gray 144

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.
COOPERATION VERSUS MONOPOLY
by Keith Hutchison 147

IN THE WIND 148

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 149

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:
CLASS CONFLICT, SUNKIST STYLE by I. F. Stone 150
POETS UNDER FIRE by Lincoln Kirstein 151
CHAMBERLAIN, PEACEMAKER
by Arthur Rosenberg 152
GOOD-WILL AGAINST MEN by Maxwell Geismar 153
MEMOIR OF D. H. LAWRENCE. by Louise Bogan 153
SHORTER NOTICES 154
FILMS by Franz Hoellering 154
RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 156

Editor and Publisher
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Managing Editor ROBERT BENDINER
Literary Editor MARGARET MARSHALL

Associate Editors
KEITH HUTCHISON
MAXWELL S. STEWART I. F. STONE

Dramatic Critic
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Business Manager and Director of Circulation
HUGO VAN ARX

Advertising Manager
MURIEL C. GRAY

The Shape of Things

*

IT WOULD BE HARD TO EXAGGERATE THE importance of Prime Minister Chamberlain's announcement that staff talks would begin immediately in Moscow. The decision of the British government to join France in sending military missions to Russia while negotiations for an alliance are still in progress is a drastic move designed not only to warn Hitler that Great Britain means business but to push forward actual preparations for joint military action in case war should be precipitated before the final terms of alliance are agreed upon. It represents a clear victory for the French, who from the start have realized and pressed the necessity for coming to an agreement with Russia. As long ago as July 22 Pertinax reported that the French government was trying to persuade Halifax and Chamberlain to accept the terms proposed by the Soviet government on July 17. But perhaps the greatest significance of the British decision is the evidence it offers that any apparent relaxation of Europe's anxiety and tension is to be discounted. Chamberlain's speech showed a pessimism that he seldom allows to appear: in discussing the mounting armament in Europe he said, "It is difficult to see what the resolution of this problem can be unless it is to be resolved by war itself." His gloomy realism is a hopeful sign. If the alliance with Russia is pushed and military plans are perfected, Hitler's next move may at least be delayed. It does not mean that appeasement is necessarily abandoned; it does mean that Chamberlain realizes that appeasement may fail.

*

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT THE PRIME Minister has coupled his new resolution with a refusal to keep Parliament in session or to consider periodic reassemblies during the next three months. English gentlemen are to be free to engage in grouse-shooting as usual during August, even though the month promises to be the most critical of an acutely critical year; even though millions of men are maneuvering on half a dozen frontiers; even though the completion of the harvest means that the most favorable moment for an axis coup is at hand. Mr. Chamberlain's anxiety to be free of his

Published weekly and copyright, 1939, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 18, 1897, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1897.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parliamentary critics and inquisitors is perhaps understandable, but it inevitably gives rise to the suspicion that he wants to keep his hands as free as possible in case a final flier in appeasement seems desirable.

*

THIS MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS THE ANTI-alien session of the House of Representatives if that body had not committed so many other crimes. The Smith anti-alien bill, which went through the House last Saturday by a rabble-rousing vote of 273 to 48, is the fifth measure of the kind passed this year. None of them have so far reached the Senate, and if this one gets there, it will doubtless be killed by the six-year legislators, who can afford to be a little less automatic in their response to the hysterical demands of their constituents. But because Representatives are much closer, in political wisdom and in their dependence on the local vote, to that element in every community which seizes upon the alien and the "red" as scapegoats, the eruption of these bills is a dangerous symptom. Together they present all the cruel and crackpot devices invented for the persecution of aliens—finger-printing, detention camps, vague clauses about belief, past or present, in the overthrow of the government or even in a change of government, and even vaguer phrases about what constitutes that belief. These bills must not be allowed to become law. More important, the anti-alien hysteria from which they spring must be combated. Organized labor has a desperate obligation here, for the alien-hunt always turns into the red-hunt, with labor as the principal victim.

*

WHEN JOHN L. LEWIS CALLS JOHN GARNER a labor-baiter he is understating our case; but when he turns whiskey-baiter and attacks the Texas overseer, old-style, for drinking liquor and playing cards we feel like crying, in the quotational accents of John L., "Hold! Enough!" and inviting him out for a quiet drink. A man's highball is his castle, and Garner's card-playing, even if it were anybody else's business, might turn out to be his most endearing characteristic. Our objection to Garner is that he plays poker with human misery and gets drunk on bourbon reaction, 100 proof. John L. Lewis's moaning at the bar is misplaced.

*

SOME SECTIONS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS ARE agitated over our stand concerning the activities of the Coughlin forces in New York City. The Brooklyn *Tablet* asserts in what ostensibly is a news article that *The Nation* wants to "deny freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and individual rights to those with whom it disagrees," and *America,* accusing us of "fronting for the Semites and Communists," insists that we "want no competition for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses,* and want *Social Justice* suppressed." The cries of these new friends of liberalism are patently dishonest. We are not "fronting" for anybody, and we asked nothing for the "Communists and Semites" that we would not ask for the Catholics. We have never considered it the duty of the police to permit the left to incite to riot or to fan the flames of race hate, and the first time the editors of the *Tablet* and *America* can show us an instance of "Communists" or "Semites" working up a street audience to cries of "Down with the Catholics!" we will go with them to the police and demand action. What we did not expect by way of reply to Mr. Wechsler's documented article was the brazen identification of Coughlinism with Catholicism advanced by the editors of *America.* "The attack on Father Coughlin," says that journal, "has become, in reality, an attack on Catholicism." In other words, any person who fights the unscrupulous politics of Coughlin is branded an anti-Catholic. We do not accept that dictum, and neither, we believe, will millions of Catholics. When we attack Coughlin we mean Coughlin, and if the editors of *America* wish to be included, we include them also. But we would not insult the decent Catholics of this country by assuming that the deceit and violence of the Coughlinites are part of the tenets of the church.

*

NEW DEALERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A RARITY in the State Department. Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre, who now goes to the Philippines as High Commissioner, was one of the few. The appointment is more than a deserved reward for the work Sayre did on reciprocal trade agreements, his specialty in the department. Sayre served on the Interdepartmental Committee on Philippine Affairs, is thoroughly qualified for his job, and seems to be popular with Filipino leaders. He succeeds Paul V. McNutt, Washington's most dazzling political puzzle at the moment. Did Mr. Roosevelt bring him back and make him head of the new Federal Security Agency to build him up for 1940 or to keep him under obligation to the New Deal? McNutt's background, record, and machine are a curious mixture of the progressive and the reactionary, mostly the latter. McNutt gave Indiana a "little New Deal" in 1932—and a little taste of fascism of 1935, after he had provoked a general strike in Terre Haute by using national guardsmen to break the Columbian Enamelling strike. He has great personal charm and enough of a following in the American Legion and elsewhere to make it worth while to keep him in the New Deal fold. But we should hate to think of him as the New Deal's heir.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW BOMB OUTRAGE ATTRIBUTED TO THE I. R. A., which caused two deaths and a large number of serious injuries, gave extra force last week to the demands of the British government for additional police powers. An act has now been rushed through Parliament permitting searches without warrants and the arrest and deportation of suspects against whom there is insufficient evidence for prosecution. In urging the House of Commons to pass the act the Home Secretary asserted that the terrorists were receiving "stimulation" from a foreign source—he did not specify the country but is understood to have referred to Germany—and gave some particulars of a document seized by the police containing a detailed scheme for an extensive campaign of sabotage. In other days such melodramatic disclosures might have caused suspicion, but the extent and character of the outrages that have occurred in the past six months, together with a growing sense of the utter unscrupulousness of Nazi methods, have made skepticism difficult. Although there was some resistance among Liberal and Labor members to enlarging the powers of a reactionary government, very few votes were cast in opposition. Meanwhile the I. R. A. campaign is acerbating relations between England and Eire, which a year ago, after the settlement of some of the outstanding differences between the two countries, seemed definitely improving. There are now signs of a popular anger in Britain which might give rise to very unpleasant incidents in cities like Liverpool and Glasgow, where there is always latent tension between the large Catholic Irish elements and their Protestant neighbors. It is to be hoped that the misguided patriots who are trying to blast away the barriers to Irish reunion will listen to Premier de Valera's recent appeal and abandon their terroristic activities. They may perhaps forward German interests: they can only hope to injure those of Eire.

*

MORAL REARMAMENT IS PACKING THEM IN. At a huge gathering at the Hollywood Bowl—M. R. A. and Hollywood were made for each other—traditional enemies shook hands and the greetings of great men of all nations resounded while 25,000 spectators cheered; 10,000 had been turned away. A Chinese and a Japanese shook hands; Charles Copperman of the Imperial Valley Teamsters' Union (A. F. of L.) clasped hands with G. G. Bennett, president of the Valley branch of the Associated Farmers. No migratory worker spoke, but Louis B. Mayer did. Thirty-three governors wired that M. R. A. is our most urgent need. From Hollywood Frank Buchman and his followers adjourned to Del Monte for the World Assembly of the M. R. A. We haven't yet figured out just what the moral rearmers do to save and be saved. Mr. Buchman's speech gave little light. "We must possess," he said, "some superior quality, a quality of living that rises above resentment, jealousy, greed, and points of view." He seems to have taken a motto from the fascist book: in vagueness there is strength. The testimony of a woman doctor who said that since putting her fees under the guidance of God she had been able to make 98 per cent collections instead of 50 per cent without arousing resentment doesn't clear up the mystery. The testimony of a Negro at the assembly gives a clue. "God has a plan for everyone," she said. "In the light of the four standards [Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness, Love] we are facing our sins of resentment, inferiority, and pride." Shades of pie in the sky! Love thy master as thyself. If you don't fight back there won't be any trouble. Meet M. R. A., the latest streamlined public-relations counsel of that old expert, Status Quo.

New Deal Crisis

THE anti-New Deal coalition foreseen and feared since last November's elections has materialized, and its onslaught on the lending-spending program provides a concrete illustration of the menace it holds for long-range reform and for the fragile growth of a new recovery. The alliance of Republicans with bourbon and faint-hearted Democrats has turned from its attack on the Wagner Act, the social-security law, and federal wage-and-hour regulation to an attempt to cripple Administration plans for housing, power development, rural electrification, and farm tenancy. The New Deal and the hope of building a more prosperous and secure America were never in greater danger, and the danger springs not from an articulate alternative program but from a miscellaneous group of special interests prepared to sacrifice the nation's welfare to their own immediate advantages. The sweatshopper, the Southern planter, the Associated Farmer, the great food-processing combines, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the power trust are among the forces energizing the anti-New Deal coalition and urging it forward. Big-business lobbyists have never had happier days in Washington.

It is ironical that Mr. Villard should choose this particular week to address to the President a series of questions calculated to show him as the factor chiefly responsible for the present sorry state of the nation. The inability of contemporaries to see the building for the brickwork is an old story. But the spectacle before us is not one of hesitant and compromising leadership provoking the impatience of those unburdened by the responsibility of decison. Only ill-will, bolstered by unwillingness to look at the facts, could blame Mr. Roosevelt for what is now occurring in Washington. It is with honest regret that we publish—in these dark days of August, 1939—an article by Oswald Garrison Villard upbraiding Franklin D. Roosevelt—for a supposed fail-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ure to recognize the plight of the underprivileged. No democratic leader in our time has shown himself more acutely aware than Mr. Roosevelt of the problems Mr. Villard suddenly begs him to notice.

Mr. Villard appeals to Mr. Roosevelt to stop playing politics, but it is by "politics" alone that the President can hope to rescue part of his program from this Congress. The task of piloting legislation through hostile committees and bringing it safely out of a session dominated by the anti-New Deal forces cannot be accomplished by moral exhortation. If the coalition succeeds in getting the wages-and-hour amendments to the floor for a vote before the mutilated lending-spending bill comes up, Congress might adjourn without voting on that measure at all. A vote to adjourn would be a safe way to vote against lending-spending. Or a motion to recommit the $1,615,000,000 ghost of the Administration's $3,060,000,000 bill in the Senate might be another means of killing it. Hopes of slum clearance and low-cost housing will be ended for some time if the $800,000,000 Housing Authority bill should fail of passage. If ever there was need for the President's ability as a politician that time is now. Nor has there ever been a time when he needed progressive support more or deserved criticism less.

How to Stop Japan

NO ONE can accuse the State Department of being unduly precipitate in its denunciation of our 1911 commercial treaty with Japan. It is more than two years now since the Japanese militarists ran amuck in China. Millions of Chinese have been killed, wounded, starved, and driven from their homes; vast tracts of their country have been laid waste. And we, who as a party to the Nine-Power Treaty had pledged ourselves to respect and uphold the integrity of China, have done little more than wag a moral finger while Japan tore that instrument to shreds. Nor have the wrongs of our own citizens in China moved us to action. They have been insulted, injured, and even killed; their legitimate business has been subject to constant interference, their property seized and destroyed. But our State Department has hitherto been content to send notes of protest which the Japanese government, well aware that hard words break no bones, has treated with contempt.

It could afford to do so because, despite the abhorrence of nearly all Americans for Japan's ruthless imperialism, we have been willing to be partners in the crime. Until a few months ago we were even selling planes to the Japanese army, and today we are still supplying the oil, the scrap iron, and the machinery without which its war machine would be crippled. Naturally the Japanese government has capitalized our inaction. In recent months its propaganda both at home and in China has painted America as "understanding Japanese needs and aims" while concentrating pressure on the British. Such tactics one would think too disingenuous to deceive even a die-hard isolationist, for clearly, if Britain were driven into a surrender of its Chinese interests, our own position would be hopelessly compromised. Yet up to last week this essay in wedge-driving had made good progress.

We would be the last to defend the British policy of retreat in China; it smacks too much of Munich, of squaring blackmail by drafts on other people's bank accounts. But Britain has at least more excuse than we have for acquiescing in Japanese aggression, for its position in the Far East is more vulnerable than our own and it is handicapped by commitments elsewhere. So long as we were combining moral disapproval of Japan with business as usual we were hardly in a position to be scornful about British capitulations.

Had the State Department's action on the trade treaty come even two weeks sooner it might have stiffened the British government sufficiently to have prevented the conclusion of the Craigie-Arita agreement, which, vague as its terms are, clearly represents an important victory for Tokyo. Yet, however belated, the Administration's decision to clear the decks for future economic pressure on Japan is extremely welcome. It has already had a most salutary effect in the Far East. Behind the blustering threats of Japanese press and "spokesmen" it is possible to hear a note of dismay. China, on the other hand, is clearly encouraged, and the American action has done much to offset the damage done by British recognition of Japan's "special position" in China. In London the growing volume of anti-appeasement opinion has been fortified, and Mr. Chamberlain has at least promised to consider denunciation of the Anglo-Japanese trade agreement. It seems probable that in the continuing negotiations over the Tientsin incident the British delegation will now take a firmer line.

In this country the almost unanimous approval given to the State Department's action should encourage Congress to proceed to the next step—an embargo on exports to Japan of all articles which can be used for war purposes and a prohibition of imports from Japan—as soon as the denunciation becomes effective. Meanwhile the Treasury and State Department should consult together to prevent any abnormal expansion of Japanese trade during the next six months. It is most probable that attempts will be made to dump large quantities of Japanese goods here, to increase shipments of precious metals, and to buy up reserves of American raw materials. The effectiveness of the first vigorous step we have taken against Japanese aggression could be reduced by such means. It ought to be possible to anticipate and counteract them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Franco's Troubles

EARLY in July Lieutenant Roussel Zabala, a demobilized Spanish monarchist, cried "Long live the king!" in a street in Irún. He was shot down by a Falangist sergeant. Similar recent incidents throughout Spain have cost the lives, now of fascist members of the Falange, now of Carlist absolute monarchists, now of partisans of Alfonso's return as king limited by a constitution. Pedro Sainz Rodríguez, a Monarchist and until a few weeks ago Franco's Minister of Education, has been arrested. According to the same report, Francisco Herrera, owner of the pre-war Madrid Catholic daily *El Debate*, is in prison.

But Queipo de Llano, governor of Andalusia, and General Yagüe, commander of the Moroccan army corps, who were both dismissed several days ago, are Falangists. General Solchaga, governor of Galicia and hero of many civil-war battles, has also been ousted. In addition, General Moscardó, popular for his resistance in the Toledo Alcázar, and General Aranda, who held Oviedo for the rebels during a prolonged siege, have joined the opposition. These five men are, next to Franco, the outstanding military figures in post-war Spain. According to dispatches from many sources, they objected to the promotion of Minister of Interior Ramón Serrano Suñer, Franco's brother-in-law, to the post of Prime Minister. In fact, however, Suñer, who has just returned from Italy, is the practical head of the government and the outstanding Falangist. Yet he is opposed by other Falangists and has been kept in office by Franco, who leans toward the Monarchists.

The party lines in reactionary Spain are not yet clearly drawn. Fascists and Monarchists are crowded into the only existing party—the Falange. The fascist wing is further subdivided into pro-Italian, pro-German, and pro-neutrality factions. Queipo, the broadcasting general, is known to be anti-Italian. Indeed, in 1938 he was temporarily silenced for uncomplimentary public remarks about Italy. Several weeks ago, by special invitation, he made an address over the radio to Germany and concluded his remarks with "Long live Germany; long live the Führer!" Queipo, like Yagüe, was relieved of his post immediately after Ciano's visit to Spain in the middle of July. Yagüe, regarded by some as Spain's ablest soldier, made a speech in May, 1938, for which Franco provisionally withdrew him from the front. Yagüe on that occasion protested against the bombing of open Loyalist cities by foreign pilots, against the rebels' foreign entanglements, and against the stupid propaganda which painted all Republicans as reds, Russians, and cowards. Yagüe and Franco have had frequent clashes. General Aranda, who returned a few weeks ago from Berlin with a mission of eight generals and sixty-five other Spanish officers, told a newspaper interviewer that he wished to see better relations with England and France, no alliance with Italy, and close contacts with Germany.

Franco, seeking to bridge the chasm between these various groups, thinks safety lies in the Italian pattern of a figurehead king and a fascist social system. The purpose of monarchy would be to protect the landowners—and the largest landowner, the church—from the demands of a land-hungry peasantry; the Falange will demagogically talk about the "corporative state" and the rights of the workers, try to win over disillusioned Republicans of violent views, and, above all, insist on Iberian imperialist expansion, a rise in the birth-rate (big families are already subsidized by the state), and anti-Semitism—all favorite subjects in the Spanish press. Amid frequent declarations of "neutrality," Ovra and Gestapo secret agents and German business men will operate freely. A growing climate of xenophobia will coexist with an increasing dependence on foreign fascist allies. The political chaos and administrative weakness resulting from these numerous conflicts of interest will encourage the ancient Spanish custom of intrigues by jealous generals.

Franco's troubles are just starting. An inept ruling class which mismanaged Spain for three centuries is back in the saddle faced with the myriad problems of a hungry nation, a ruined country, an empty exchequer, an army of unemployed veterans, millions of disaffected Republicans, and a threatening international situation. Even in normal times the Francos lacked the leadership, the personnel, the imagination, and the ideas to lift Spain out of poverty and cultural stagnation. They are simply incapable of dealing with Spain's present difficulties. So they will squabble among themselves, rule by terror, and look abroad for salvation.

Bargains in Refugees

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE greatest mass production of this machine age is in the manufacture of refugees. Ground out in millions by the highly systematized war and propaganda machines of the dictator countries, the refugees pile up month after month to form a huge unwanted human surplus—a commodity of export with no market, against which other nations raise quota restrictions or absolute embargos. Among the symptoms of the collapse of decency in human relations the most revealing and depressing is the treatment of refugees by all the countries of the world. The barbarism of the refugee-producing nations is the more aggressive and positive, but the refusal of asylum by the other nations is almost as cruel and just as stupid.

How many refugees are there? Japan is responsible for the greatest output numerically; some 50,000,000 Chinese are refugees in their own land as the result of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bombings of villages and cities and the terror that follows every new, successful drive of the invading army. But the problem of 50,000,000 Chinese refugees is beyond solution. Relief contributed from outside China can ease a little the most obvious suffering; but nothing can restore these people to their homes and a normal life until the war is over. And two years after its start, the war seems farther from an end than ever.

The fascist victory in Spain turned out half a million refugees at least. They did not wait to be made the object of an international bargain. They poured over the border —soldiers and civilians alike—and threw themselves on the mercies of the French people and government. A letter published on page 158 of this issue shows that up to a month ago only minor improvements had been made in the conditions of the refugee concentration camps on French soil. Private funds and popular sympathy have lessened the hardships of some of the exiles, especially the children, but some 300,000 still remain in inadequate temporary camps. Happily, a good many thousands will find a permanent home in Mexico, unless political troubles in that country interfere with their immigration and settlement. More will undoubtedly be repatriated. Franco is said to have agreed to take back members of the Loyalist armed forces at the rate of 2,000 a week, but on what terms it is not known. It is to be assumed that the returned soldiers will be again clapped into concentration camps, to be released only on proof of their loyalty to the "new Spain." This has been the procedure up to now.

But Germany remains the most important refugee factory, and Hitler is the only dictator who has succeeded in turning the victims of his terror into a profitable commodity By the strategic use of pogroms and outright theft of personal property he has jacked up the value of his product every time it threatened to become a hopeless drug on the world market. The conscience of even the most exclusionist nations is stirred when a whole people is tortured, jailed, put to forced labor, and robbed of its means of support.

Germany's latest scheme for disposing of its refugees originated in the fertile brain of Dr. Helmuth Wohlthat, who managed to do quite a little business on the side while attending the Whaling Conference at London. It is apparently a slight modification of the Rublee plan, announced last February, which was in turn a modification of the outrageous Schacht plan of a year ago. The public does not yet know the details of the new plan, but it seems to have been definitely approved by the Intergovernmental Committee and is already being carried into effect. It involves the creation of a private corporation—a "Coordinating Foundation"—which will handle the complicated provisions approved by the Nazis for financing a new Jewish exodus. About 175,000 able-bodied Jews are expected to emigrate. Before leaving Germany these people will be stripped of 75 per cent of their property by the Nazi government; they will be allowed to take the remaining 25 per cent with them in the form of German goods, but such proportion of the goods as is made up of imported raw materials must be paid for in foreign exchanges. Presumably the Nazi government will decide how great that proportion is and what it is worth in real money. The plan also provides for continued payments in foreign currencies for the support of the Jews left behind in Germany.

That this is an undisguised ransom scheme cannot be denied. Its terms are better than those proposed by Schacht, but they are still detestable. They involve official recognition of the Nazi government's policy of confiscating the property of its victims; they provide machinery for feeding foreign exchange into the empty vaults of the German treasury. The refugees who settle abroad under this scheme will continue indefinitely to provide funds for the further enslavement of their fellow-Germans—and of the world.

This is admitted by many persons who have reluctantly approved the new plan. They recognize its implications, but they insist that Hitler's terms must be met. They believe that "appeasement" is inevitable in this field too since he has the Jews and all political dissenters at his mercy. The alternative to some scheme of ransom is still the pogrom and the concentration camp.

I don't know the answer to this contention. But as one who believes that only the end of Hitler can end the torture of the Jews, I feel free to put down clearly the questions and doubts that rise in my mind as I read the preliminary reports of the new plan. Are these really the best terms that could have been made? I have no confidence in the firmness or even the disinterested judgment of the Intergovernmental Committee. Their record as a whole is one of inertia in the face of a monstrous challenge. The earnest efforts of Mr. Rublee himself and one or two other members have been nullified by the caution of the rest of the committee and of the governments that stand behind it. Their researches into possible areas for large-scale settlement have been piddling and futile. And in their hearts they know—what we all know—that as long as the civilized democratic nations themselves refuse to take in the victims of Nazi terror, they face the Nazis without even a clear conscience to strengthen their will.

Hasn't the committee gone about its monumental task wrong-end to? Was not its first job to find suitable homes for the thousands it proposes to ransom and for the other thousands who have escaped from Germany only to drift about homeless and jobless in foreign cities or on the high seas? And might it not be better to allow Hitler to take 100 per cent of the property of his victims rather than to make deals for the division and use of the stolen fraction of their funds?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Real John Garner

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, July 31

IT WAS only a short line and it imparted no news to Washington. John L. Lewis was merely retailing common knowledge when he told the House Labor Committee that Vice-President Garner was a labor-baiting poker-playing, whiskey-drinking old man. Whether all this, added up, also made Garner evil was a matter of opinion. The opinion that he was had long been held by liberals. Yet the line shocked Congress more profoundly than anything said in the Capitol since John Sharp Williams announced that he'd "rather be a hound dog baying at the moon" than remain in the Senate.

Members of the House were particularly wroth. Almost to a man they denounced Lewis and defended Garner. "Lies, lies," they roared. None of their denials was more ludicrous than that of Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, father of the Eighteenth Amendment, who sadly concluded that Lewis was laboring under a "misapprehension" about Garner's personal habits. Sheppard must have been resolute about hearing no evil all these years while Garner has been getting off his stock jest: "I'll take one for Morris, too." The Texas members drew up a resolution in the name of those who "know him best" declaring the Vice-President an honest, admirable man. Even from far-away Michigan Governor Dickinson could see that the wicked East had never corrupted Garner.

The most honestly expressed reaction from the New Deal side of the fence was Attorney General Murphy's. He threw back his head and guffawed. The eloquence of the line, he said, made comment impossible. Later he set himself right in a statement to the effect that he hadn't realized whom Lewis was talking about. President Roosevelt had no comment.

When the wailing and the laughter had died down, the question remained: What will the political effects be? Obviously Lewis's singing line was destined for a place in the history books. It dragged into the open and characterized the leader of the tory guerrillas who had been sniping at Roosevelt for six years and whose campaign was about to reach a triumphant climax in the mutilation of the Wage-Hour law. It was to testify against amendments to this law that Lewis appeared before the Labor Committee. He had chosen this issue—whether some 1,500,000 of the country's lowest-paid industrial workers were to be deprived of protection from employers who want to buy their labor at less than $11 for a forty-four-hour week—as the vehicle for his load of dynamite. And he exploded it fully realizing that some of the fragments would fly back in his face.

There was nothing spontaneous about Lewis's attack. It was deliberately planned with the primary objective of changing the color of Garner's aura. The country so far has seen only his publicity, which makes him out a sort of cross between Throttlebottom and Foxy Grandpa. It has been vaguely understood that he has influence over Congress. But it has been generally assumed that this is because he is a wise, moderate, homespun old fellow, whose horse sense is so compelling that it invariably smoothes the way for compromise between the radical New Dealers and the conservative Congressional leaders when all else fails to keep the government functioning. This picture could scarcely be more distorted. Garner is the canny, hard-bitten, self-made richest citizen of Uvalde, Texas, whose career in the public service has been devoted to the cause of making richest citizens richer and poorer citizens take it. During the last six years he has been the spiritual head of the reactionary Roosevelt opposition and on occasion its conniver-in-chief.

Appearing before the House Immigration Committee in 1926, Garner made an appeal for defeat of a law to restrict immigration of seasonal agricultural workers from Mexico. In that testimony he stated his attitude toward labor with a startling frankness which has been visible in few of his public utterances since. He explained that the landowners of his district needed this cheap migratory labor and that the Mexicans were well satisfied if a family cleared $25 from a season of back-breaking toil. "In our country they [the Mexicans] do not cause any trouble unless they stay there long enough to become Americanized," he said, "but they are very docile people. They can be imposed on. The sheriff can go out and make them do anything." Too much Americanization was the trouble with the country in the opinion of Jack Garner. He has not changed much since.

All this was what Lewis wanted to get over, and in a startling enough way to assure publicity. New Dealers have wanted to do the same thing for months but haven't known how. They have become alarmed at Garner's rise in the Presidential polls. They have grown weary of sitting back impotent while Garner and his intimates in Congress knock down one after another of the Administration's most vital measures and push through their own. In these last few disheartening weeks the President's lending bill has been cut to almost nothing;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Administration's neutrality measure had to be abandoned when Garner served notice on the White House that it did not have and could not get enough votes; the Hatch bill, reducing office-holders to about the same citizenship status as convicts, was enacted; the Smith bill to bedevil non-voting aliens was passed by the House; another Smith bill to harass the National Labor Relations Board likewise was passed by the House; and the indefensible Barden amendments to the Wage-Hour law have been brought to the floor. In so far as Lewis's statement was intended to save the legislative situation, it probably will prove a dud. Most of the damage had been done. Moreover, it so infuriated the tory coalition that its members are more determined than ever to destroy the New Deal.

Although they were the least relevant, it was the whiskey-drinking and poker-playing charges that created the most commotion. Members of the Garner Gang, quickly recovering from the shock of hearing these things said right in the Capitol, insisted that Lewis's personal attack on Garner was all their candidate needed to assure his election to the Presidency. Was not Lewis anathema to the middle classes? Was not this just such another break as the "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" boner that landed Grover Cleveland in the White House? Of course, said the Garnerites, and many competent commentators agreed. But liberal politicians didn't. Perhaps they lack imagination, but they just can't visualize a torchlight procession in which the marchers hold aloft a banner inscribed, "Vote for the labor-baiting, poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, evil old man." Since Harding, they reason, there has been no irresistible public demand for a whiskey-drinking poker player in the White House. And they are skeptical of the claim that Lewis's statements won't be believed—that they will be dismissed as slander. If they know the church-going public, its reaction will be: where there's so much smoke there must be some firewater.

Mexico Today

I. THE HEART OF THE REVOLUTION

BY WALDO FRANK

LA LAGUNA

AT THE heart of Mexico, where the states of Durango and Coahuila meet, is la Laguna, today perhaps the heart—certainly the symbol—of Mexico's revolution. The River Nazas is the Nile of this rich country, a Mexican Nile which for eight months of the year is arid, torrid sand, and for the rainy season a tumultuous flood overwhelming banks and in some years villages and bridges. An intricate system of irrigation serves the Laguna, which the new huge dam, el Palmito, to be ready before Cárdenas quits office in 1940, will make one of the great agricultural valleys of the world. I flew over the Laguna with Francisco Sarabia, the Mexican "ace," whose death in Washington was used by reactionary students of the University of Mexico to stage a demonstration against the United States. I saw the steel-bare mountain wall on every side, where nothing can live, no water lodge, and over which our plane trembled like a scared horse in the intricate air currents; and I saw the vast fields—faint green for the young cotton, gold for wheat, sea-green for alfalfa—where now 40,000 farmers who were peons, and 60,000 humble folk of the farms' commerce and industry who were servants, work on what was a royal domain of a handful of *hacendados*. (The expropriated Mexican landowners are not driven out; each receives a *lote* sufficient to support him, if he works it, on an economic level far higher than that of the collectives, the *ejidos*.)

"Land!" was the true cry of the revolution of 1910. Mexico's leaders are convinced that the nation's future health must be based on a land economy and a land culture, in order to balance the mines, which for long to come will be owned and ruled by strangers. The revolution is a process of balance. And ever since the Aztecs conquered the more peaceful and cultured Indian nations, Mexico's history has been a tragedy of unbalance. The Spaniards added depths to the cultural chaos, aggravating the unbalance. The Independence of 1810 set, not Mexico, but the unbalance free. President Benito Juárez was too busy driving out still another element of disorder, the invading French, and setting up a premature program of rationalism—like a magical cap—on the head of the catastrophic country, to tackle the problem of Mexico's deep unbalance. Porfirio Díaz stratified the unbalance into a "peace" that was a coma. The intrenched *hacendados* (largely Spanish and ecclesiastical) got enough from the enslaved peasantry to live generously—which was all they wanted. To have got enough from the hostile Mexican land to lift the peons to a human level of existence would have meant huge expenses for dams and roads. This would have meant capital, the accumulation of which is alien, thus far, to the Hispanic genius. So the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

masters let the people half starve, the babies die like flies, while the church built edifices of unequaled splendor—whole façades of gold—and the folk from their mud and thatch huts looked with ecstasy on this greatness, harbinger of the heaven which awaited them after the welcome death; and often stinted the corn for their babies to buy flowers for the gorgeous altars.

Mexico by 1910 had generated a potential of unbalance so huge that thirty years have not spent it. Francisco Madero, the fiery dreamer, descendant in part of Spanish Jews, released in the peons the lyric instinctive cry of "Land!"; soon his intellectual liberalism was snuffed out between the left of the Agrarians and the reaction of the old Porfirian army. Bloody pure apostles like Zapata went up and down the south, burning the sugar refineries and ranches whose wealth to the peons who created it had been a prison for generations. In the north, inspired thieves like Pancho Villa modulated banditry into popular revolution, finding a gesture so true and deep that it won the support of some of the country's best intellectuals, like the educator and philosopher José Vasconcelos and the strategist General Angeles. Soon, plastic genius unequaled in sheer energy since Europe broke from the strained equilibrium of the Middle Ages was transfiguring the walls of public buildings, old and new, with visions. Not much before 1930 could Mexico begin to see what its revolution was about.

Mexico needed balance. It was a land overwhelmed with rains, yet needing water. It was a landless people wanting and loving the land. It was a poetic people deluged by too many epic poems of action—from Zapotec and Maya to Aztec and Catholic and Spaniard—needing at last a language of its own. It was a people so overwhelmed with many forms of life, so thwarted in its thirst for life, that it had become deeply infected by the Aztec pathology of the blood-sacrifice. The Aztec wars in which thousands dealt each other death, carrying gardenias, seemed to have made a counterpoint within the blood of a folk which consciously had forgotten the Aztec and loved life.

The heart of the conflict was land. Give the people land! Because Calles procrastinated, he was despised. With the Cárdenas regime begins the balance of this people: collective farms (the *ejidos*), dams, canals, tractors, schools; after how many years of plan, gesture, poetry, threat, retreat, the start of the *act* of revolution.

SCHOOLS AND TECHNICS

To me, the fairest incarnation of modern Mexico and of the spirit of the *ejido* is the school teacher. There are seventy thousand teachers, preponderantly women, in the S. T. E. R. M., their great union; I have watched them at work in Chihuahua, Hidalgo, the Sierra of Oaxaca; in Jalisco, Tehuantepec, Mexico City; and I have heard them in their annual national congress. One, in the *ejido* of la Hormiguera (state of Coahuila) can stand for them all.

This collective farm, like many, still occupies in part the old 'dobe ranks of the *haciendas* under the Díaz regime: the dwellings are dark, floorless, but never foul, because the Mexican sun is close and the Mexican mother cleans her poor home with more skill than she knows for her poor baby. New stucco houses of one story are now in construction, with running water and a toilet; but first the irrigation system had to be rebuilt, and the fields properly parceled, and the schoolhouse erected and opened. Even at best, the Mexican has a resistance to hurry, a vague sense of time. Everything the Mexican knows he dislikes is in a hurry: the torrents of the rainy season, the too swift aging of his beloved, his own flares of rage and destruction.

President Cárdenas

The *maestra* gets up early. She must teach the children how to live, as well as how to write. She must translate hygiene and Marx (mild forms of both) into a simple language that will make sense in the dust and toil and fatigue of the *ejido*. And when she has done with the children's day and they have gone to sleep, she begins with the parents. The great Catholic culture of Saint Thomas Aquinas bequeathed to the Mexican revolution a people 75 per cent illiterate. (The grown-ups learn to read and write, the *maestra* tells me, as quickly as the children.) The *maestra* is small, sturdy, pretty. She strives to keep trim and to wear silk stockings. Her body is chaste as well as clean; she will probably marry the *maestro* from the neighboring *ejido*, and they will toil on together. She takes me to the golden field outside the *ejido* compound. "This is my wheat," she says proudly, meaning the school's plot, which means more milk and books and educational tools for her children.

There are states in the republic today (Vera Cruz, Michoacán, Jalisco, among others) 40 per cent of whose entire income is going to the schools. The federal budget of this land, whose vast potential wealth is almost untouched, adds up to less than the budgets of Belgium or of New York City. When Cárdenas began, 34 million pesos went for federal public education; today, in artificially bad times (because of the sabotage of business inside and outside the nation), this sum has been more than doubled. There are still remote places north

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and south where teachers are waylaid, their ears cut off, their faces beaten to a pulp, and the *maestras* raped, because of the hatred stirred by the priesthood when the children were taken from them. Mexico has two colors: one the dark red-and-black of the volcanic stone, *tezontle*, of the Aztec temples, like blood dried in the sun; and one the blue of the sky, like the spirit of the teachers.

The best modern architecture in this land of architectural genius is a school. Here, let me digress on an important subject. Architecture is reawakening like everything else in Mexico into a chaos and unbalance. The capital still has squares like Santo Domingo, holding intact the grace of Nueva España. Then came the bad period (*architecture cannot lie*) when the false order of Díaz visited on the land of Chichen-Itzá, Mitla, Teotihuacán, the worst *patisseries* of Paris. Now, the builders with more daring at times than surety of taste spread experiments through the new quarters. The worst are the most expensive: flowered façades and colored medleys that are monstrous. But many of the new apartments of workers and lower middle classes are chaste, and one sees constructions of real beauty: functional and modern, they are allied in rhythm with the old *tezontle* mansions; as if the spirit of the land itself, with new tools, were again building. The traditional Ministerio de Educación Pública and Escuela Preparatoria with galleried courts and frescos by Rivera and Orozco have dignity and depth. But the Centro Escolar Revolución is a modern masterpiece.

I think, of all places in the capital I love most the Normal School, where eighteen hundred young Mexicans, mostly girls, are formed into teachers of the primary classes. As material for the student teachers, there are classes in the same building, under the control of trained *maestras*. Here one can test the warm, deep sensibility of this race, so old in its elements, so young and chaotic in its present configuration.

A stone's throw from the Escuela Nacional de Maestros is the Politécnica, rival of Mexico's national autonomous university, which is the second oldest in America, being seniored only by the national University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru. In these trim, modern-equipped workshops from which thousands of engineers, architects, country doctors are beginning to issue into the needy Mexican world, I see a modulation of the humanist theme whose clearest note is in the schools.

While the Protestant world was developing the technics of industry, a too faithful devotion to the agrarian-Catholic culture and to its values held the Hispanic peoples back from the rhythm of the modern world—and from its fatal failures. That devotion is gone; not only from Mexico, from all America Hispana and (despite Franco and his fascist *señoritos*) from Spain. With a freshness of sensibility and of imagination which the humanistic values of the church and contact with the soil through the old agrarian culture preserved, the Mexican now turns to the new disciplines.

Distrusting the evidence of the schools, I went into the workshops themselves. In the oil refinery at Atzcapotzalco (once the Aguila, now the Pemex), I saw the mechanics and chemists and engineers soberly run the machines without strain or fuss. Later, I drove south of Cuernavaca to the huge sugar refinery of Zacatepec. This is the sweet land which Zapata roamed and ravaged; and the new collective—sugar plantations and sugar mill—is named *Ejido* Emiliano Zapata.

Ten years ago, driving south over a crude road that the Spaniards had made for their mules, silver-laden from Taxco, I had found here ruins of refineries, crumbled *haciendas*, and a poor peasantry growing sugar and corn for its own mean uses. Now modern gondola cars line the macadamized approaches; the new refinery towers over the lush land. The old thatch hovels of the workers are still there; soon they will be burned, for the new houses are nearing completion. Here, as in all the industrial centers, Mexico is in transition. The old miserable body still prevails—the primitive homes, the ignorant neglect of babies; but a sober spirit is quietly assertive in the workers and is making itself felt in the work. Its home is the schools; schools everywhere; schools of every kind. Its destination is the entire country.

OLD MEXICO AND NEW

There is a great deal more of the old Mexico than even of the promise of the new. From Torreón, the new boom town of la Laguna, I drove east through desert to Saltillo and through more desert to Monterrey. This is the central mesa, where nothing grows without man's help more nourishing than the *tuna* or *agave*. Down from California through Arizona, Sonora, Chihuahua, Zacatecas, several centuries before Cortés, the Aztecs trekked through this vast waste. How many years of blind adventuring, without machines, without horses, without maps, with only a vague legend to guide them to Lake Texcoco! What an incredible feat! What rational theory of the nature of man can explain it? The pan-American highway south of Monterrey winds, more wisely, southeast through a fertile land that is not typical of Mexico. The state of Tamaúlipas has everything from oranges to oil. Yet look at the workers in the capital, Ciudad Victoria, or in Tampico. Hovels and dirt. Doheny drew $100,000,000 from oil fields for which he paid a Mexican widow 200 pesos a year. Later she brought suit and got $40,000. That is half the story of "those poor expropriated oil men" (whom the government will pay for their plants, which are all they ever owned, if they stop their boycott). The other half of the story is in the towns which the oil interests with their servile brothers, the native politicians, devastated like locusts: leaving no roads, no hospitals, no decent housing. But go into the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thatch and 'dobe huts, step over the pig, feel the quality of this folk of many talents, with no talent for holding on to their own. Better still, go south of Mexico City to Toluca, capital of the state of Mexico.

On market day (Friday) the Otomi folk come in by thousands. The scene has not changed in its essentials since Cortés saw it, although many new goods have appeared: for instance, the orange, the mango, rubber. The Otomi are a strong, sober, typical Mexican people; the women express dignity, the men sensitive poise. Most fragile are the babies in the heat and press of the trade—more perishable than the flowers that one finds everywhere in Mexico. Around the market place are the *pulquerías,* the drinking depots of the gray-green ferment of the maguey. Here one sees whole families, the men in white pajamas weathered to the color of dust, the women in blue-black rebozos, and the children in the loathsome air lovely but more fragile than the flowers.

Here it is in clarity: the problem of the revolution, the problem of unbalance. These people, before and since the Spanish conquest, have had a civilization of dearth and cruelty. And it has died. But their culture cannot die. How can it be transmuted into a modern civilization that will enhance, not lose, its essential values? That question *is* the Mexican revolution. It has its analogue in other vital parts of the world—Russia, China, for example. It is a question thus far without an answer.

Let us see if the new towns give us a hint. Torreón is Mexico's most modern city. Unlike Chihuahua or Mérida in Yucatán, modern cities too, but products of the middle class which has imitated American neatness and antiseptic order, and unlike Monterrey, the steel town whose industrial dirt is cauterized by the dry sun, Torreón reveals the quality of the *ejidos.* It is something new in Mexico. Noisy, crude, unkempt, its streets breathe fertility.

I stood one evening in the chief square within the cars and the crowds and the cries, sensing the Indo-Hispanic flavor of this people whose seeming main concern was to buy an American refrigerator or to see an American movie. I felt an intuition of what Mexico may be if this complex, potent human plasm finds constant water and good roads for itself, and steel by the new process that employs Mexican oil and Mexican iron; if the frontier houses of modern Torreón (hideous as those of London) disappear with the hovels of yesterday before the fresh plastic structures already foreshadowed in every town from Monterrey to Chiapas; if a people in no hurry but no longer neurotically delayed by their own conflicts learn to wield their labor-saving tools with that tenderness and sensitivity which created Mexico's cult of flowers and which, thwarted by want of proper tools, twisted this cult into the dark love of death.

The Mexican works well in the modern technics. General Eduardo Hay, an engineer educated in the United States, at present the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, told me that they are making guns in Mexico today whose accuracy paupers the guns of Germany. They are con-

(Copyright in All Countries) " WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR ARMOUR FIXED YET? "

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ducting biological and histological experiments in the old School of Medicine, across the square from the church of Santo Domingo, which will be heard of. Mexican surgeons, I am told by Americans, are only bettered by the best of the United States. I saw the collective hospital of Torreón. I am no expert in this field, but human warmth—the Hispanic *piedad* and *caridad*—were in the wards, possibly at some sacrifice of discipline, possibly not.

In the hospital, as in the refineries and machine-shops and modern streets, the thought came to me: If Mexico can achieve industrialism *with* a *humane* socialism, will it not have preserved what industrialism with our old *inhuman* capitalism seems to have destroyed in the "advanced" countries—an inestimable treasure of spirit and integrity whose tragic lack one can see in the present performances of Britain, France, Germany, and in the weak creative energy of the United States?

[*This is the first of three articles on Mexico by Mr. Frank. The second will be published next week.*]

The Conquest of Canada

BY JAMES H. GRAY

Winnipeg, July 15

THE conquest of Canada by the United States is rapidly nearing completion. It is a conquest that has been consummated without the landing of a single marine, yet the conquerors' booty, from a market only slightly larger in population than the state of Pennsylvania, totaled over half a billion dollars in the period from 1926 to 1933. That figure represents not gross sales but net profit after losses of every kind have been deducted. Of this amount, it is estimated that $348,000,000 was exported to the United States and the balance left in Canada.

Consider, for the sake of showing foreign imperialists what a job America has done on Canada, an average day in the life of an average Canadian. Awakened by the gentle tinkle of his Westclox, he rolls out of his Simmons bed and crosses his Congoleumed bedroom floor to the bathroom. A quick dip in the Standard tub, and he is ready to shave. While he slips a new blade into his Gillette, lathers up with Palmolive soap, shaves, and cleans his teeth with a Prophylactic brush and Colgate toothpaste, his wife prepares breakfast. She brews a pot of Maxwell House coffee on her Westinghouse range, dishes out some Post's bran, fries some Swift's premium ham, opens a can of Libby's tomato juice, and drops a couple of pieces of bread in the Toastmaster. Having gulped this down between paragraphs of the game between the Yankees and the Indians, the head of the house gets into his Ford and leaves for his office.

At his parking lot downtown he tells the attendant to fill the tank with Esso-Ethyl, fix the puncture in the Goodyear spare tire, and Alemite the springs. An Otis elevator lifts him to his office, where he pauses at the Bell switchboard to see if there are any important calls. A batch of stenographers are punching away at their Royal typewriters; the filing clerks are busy at the Kardex files. He dictates a number of letters, signs them with a Waterman pen, and goes to the Rotary luncheon.

On his way back to the office he drops into his stockbroker's to get the close on Toronto mines and New York stocks. He arranges a golf game and buys a half-dozen Kro-Flite balls, and at the office he gets out a Spalding putter and practices his putting on the Battleship linoleum. After the game he hurries back to town to take his wife to the Paramount theater to see Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford. Then home again, to listen to the Philco for a while before "hitting the hay."

The strange thing about this picture is that all these products are made *not* in the United States *but in Canada.* Except in the tobacco, textile, and liquor industries, it is a mean and puny American manufacturing concern which does not have a branch factory or assembly plant in Canada today. From the Aluminum Company of America alphabetically through Ford, General Foods, General Motors, and Goodyear tires to Wahl pencils, we have them all in Canada. In a recent study Marshall, Southard, and Taylor point out that 805 American-controlled Canadian manufacturing plants employ capital of $833,293,135 and account for 24 per cent of the gross value of the products of Canadian factories. These figures hardly give a true picture of American dominance. The minor part played by American capital in steel, textiles, tobacco, and shoes draws the percentage down. American-owned plants produce 68 per cent of Canada's electrical goods, 65 per cent of its rubber goods, probably 95 per cent of all automobiles, and 90 per cent of its industrial chemicals.

Like all other historic invasions, the American industrial conquest of Canada has a multiplicity of causes over which economists wrangle endlessly. But while causes are inextricably tangled with effects—for example, are Canadian tariffs high because of the establishment of American plants or were American plants established because of high tariffs?—all arguments must begin and end with the Canadian tariff.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The trend of protective tariffs has been generally upward since confederation in 1867. As a general principle, the election of a Conservative government results in a healthy boost in all duties. When the Liberals get in, the tariff is lowered slightly. The Conservatives go in again and shoot the rates through the roof. Then the Liberals scrape a little off the top. This process over a period of sixty years gave Canada its highest tariffs in history between 1930 and 1935. They are, despite the election of a Liberal government in 1935 and the signing of the Ottawa-Washington trade treaty, only slightly lower today.

Incidental to the main tariff question were three minor factors which played some part in bringing in the American plants. The first, oddly enough, was the fear on the part of a young country of annexation by the United States. The cry of "No Truck nor Trade with the Yankees" defeated reciprocity in 1911. Behind the war whoops was a desire on the part of eastern Canada for domestic industrial growth. Rich in natural resources, it wanted these resources processed and manufactured in Canada instead of being sent raw to the United States and returned as finished goods. The tempo of the American industrial revolution left Canadian industry far astern and created in Canada a consumers' demand for the products of the ever-widening American machine age. Most of the new products being turned out by United States factories found as ready a market in Canada as in the United States. As soon as importations reached important dimensions, duties were imposed on them.

As the tariffs rose, American manufacturers faced the possibility of losing a market that had been built up at considerable cost in time and trouble. They had two alternatives. They could continue to ship the goods in and pay the ever-mounting duty, or they could establish branch factories in Canada. If the only thing involved had been the Canadian market, many of them would no doubt have let it slide. But by establishing Canadian factories they could gain access to many markets in the British Empire at a lower duty than their American competitors had to pay. In addition, it is a universal custom in Canada to base the selling price of commodities not on production costs but on the American price plus duty and freight. The inevitable result of this practice has been higher, much higher, prices in Canada and hence higher profits. With the greater profit from domestic sales as a cushion, the American industrialists could ship the output of their Canadian plants to foreign countries and undersell their American competitors.

Thousands of American industrialists got out their pencils and began to figure. Many hundreds of them came to the same conclusion—they should have a Canadian factory. In setting up their plants they used either of two corporate systems. One is typified by the General Motors Corporation, whose Canadian subsidiary is wholly owned by the parent company. The main advantage of this system is that Canadians, whose cars cost them anywhere from $185 to $280 more than what their American cousins pay, can never find out how much money the Canadian factory is making. The major weakness is that in times of stress it gives labor leaders a chance to castigate "greedy foreign corporations" for their "merciless exploitation of the Canadian workers."

The alternative method, of selling stock to Canadian investors, has been adopted by Ford, General Electric, and Standard Oil with preeminent success. These investors are never allowed to control the affairs of the company, but they provide it with a large body of more or less influential friends.

Canadian tariffs have been steadily rising against American goods since confederation. And in all the agitation for higher tariffs will be found the fine American hand of the United States industrialist who has opened a Canadian branch. For fervid patriotism, no animal even approaches the American manufacturer in his native haunts. But let the same industrialist come to Canada to establish a factory, and the mere mention of the United States will send him rushing to Ottawa in tears. Here, he boasts that his goods are Made-in-Canada. He sees to it that the Made-in-Canada mark is clearly printed on the packing cases, the cartons, the wrappers, and even, where possible, on the products themselves. His pride in his American factories is strictly for home consumption, and he throws his American slogans into the Niagara River with the American flag when he crosses into Canada. Here, General Motors cars are "Built in Canada by Canadian Workmen," and Chevrolet is "Better Because It's Canadian." The all-time low in transplanted chauvinism was recently touched by Remington Rand and Libby, McNeill, and Libby. Their new typewriters and catsup are flamboyantly labeled "British Empire Products."

Having established his Canadian factory, the American industrialist immediately joins the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and goes crusading for higher tariffs to protect his employees from the unfair competition of American sweatshops—including his own. The cornerstone of the Aluminum Company's Quebec plant was hardly laid before the company was out for an increase in the aluminum duty. In order to stave off a cut in the automobile duty, General Motors last year sent its general manager on a trans-Canada stump-speaking tour to advocate higher tariffs and deplore the importation of 10,000 cars a year. Ford of Canada has long championed Canada First economics. When the Ottawa-Washington trade agreement was being negotiated, the Canadian government was besieged by manufacturers who threatened to close their plants if the duty on their particular commodity was reduced.

While these corporations have in a sense sold out their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own people by their antics in Canada, no one can accuse them of selling too cheaply. On an estimated original investment of $125,000, Ford of Canada paid cash dividends of $14,551,238 between 1905 and 1927. It now has, without further investment, assets of $55,000,000. It employs 4,000 men and builds 80,000 cars a year, exporting half of them. Other firms may not have done quite so well, but you are not likely to see their names in the bankruptcy lists.

The Canadian worker as worker may derive some benefit from the locating of these plants in Canada, but the Canadian worker as consumer gives it all back—and more. The difference between American and Canadian prices for identical articles is shown in the following table. The American price is the current retail price in Minneapolis, and the Canadian figure is the price obtaining in Winnipeg.

	American Price	*Canadian Price*
Ten Gillette blades	.37	.50
Vick's Vaporub	.31	.39
Squibb's toothpaste	.33	.42
Chase and Sanborn coffee	.22	.36
Campbell's soup	.07	.10
Johnson's wax	.48	.65
Mazda lamps	.15	.20
R. C. A. radio tubes	.90	1.60
Sherwin Williams paint	3.29	4.40
G. E. refrigerator	149.95	219.50
Goodrich tire	8.60	11.50
Any $100 radio	100.00	150.00

The prices charged for Canadian-made American goods have been a public scandal in western Canada for a decade. But when wily Canadians attempt to beat the tariff racket they are pounced on by both the government and the manufacturers. Canadian motorists a few years ago began saving substantial sums on their tire costs by replacing their tires while on vacation in the United States. Now the government forces them to register their tire numbers before leaving the country. Unless they can show upon return that new tires were purchased to replace those worn out, they have to pay duty on them.

Recently many Canadians have been taking advantage of the low prices of American radios, particularly mantel sets, and have been bringing them back under their $100 tourist allowance. In many cases they have bought sets for from one-third to one-half of the Canadian price. The American manufacturers in Canada are in full cry after these consumers. Their publicity agents are issuing warnings that the American sets are no good and threatening the makers with prosecution for infringements of patent rights. If this campaign does not stop the trade, the Canadian government will undoubtedly yield to the pressure of the manufacturers and take action.

Incidentally, it has only been within the last three years that Canadians have been able to bring back even one dollar's worth of goods from the States without paying full duty. American tourists have for many years had the privilege of importing $100 worth of things duty free. When the Canadian government finally got around to granting its citizens the same privilege, there were bleats aplenty from the manufacturers. They are still bleating. While merchants on both sides of the border ballyhoo this $100 duty-free privilege, the American shopkeepers have all the best of it. They can offer their whole range of commodities at enticingly low prices. The only goods a Canadian merchant can offer are those imported from Europe, and the supply is steadily dwindling.

The American industrial conquest of Canada may have been brought off without the landing of a single marine, but it is doubtful if the whole American army could have done more damage to the Canadian economy than the stepchildren of America's sixty families have done. By locating all their plants in Ontario and Quebec they have assured themselves perpetual protection regardless of what political party is in power. Of the 245 members in the Canadian House of Commons, Ontario elects 82 members and Quebec 65 members, and despite their varying party labels they are uniformly for high tariffs. But the seven other Canadian provinces are largely dependent upon the exportation of natural products for their livelihoods. The protectionist policies forced upon the country by the industrialized East have resulted in loss of markets for the other provinces and brought them to the brink of ruin.

These provinces must pay ever more for the things they buy and receive ever less for the things they sell. While the impoverishment of the seven provinces proceeds apace, there has been a steadily increasing concentration of wealth in Ontario and Quebec. Eventually, of course, the other provinces must be bankrupted unless something is done to restore the balance.

This conquest, moreover, has been ably abetted by the bucolic statesmen who fathered the tariff boosts that barred Canadian agricultural produce from the American markets. They have made it possible for the Canadian stooges of the American industrialists to argue with considerable force that Canada was compelled to raise its tariff because the United States had prohibited the importation of Canadian goods. With the exchange of goods for goods estopped by the American tariff, Canada could only have bought American goods with gold. The drain of gold would have ruined the country. It had to raise tariffs in self-protection.

This is one of the questions over which economists work up a lather. While they argue, thousands of American workmen are out of a job and 10,000,000 Canadians are paying through the nose for the privilege of hearing American industrialists sing "O Canada." Though they sing it badly, it pays them well.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody's Business

Cooperation Versus Monopoly

Helsingfors, Finland, July 15

EVEN the casual tourist in the northern democracies can hardly help being struck by the position of the cooperative movement in their social and economic life. Here in the capital of Finland one meets signs of cooperative activity at almost every turn. That gleaming store on the corner selling dairy produce is the property of "Valio," the central selling organization of the cooperative dairies which cover Finland. Farther along the street is a well-organized general store—a branch of "Elanto," one of the two large retail societies in this city. Here is a cooperative restaurant where in clean and attractive surroundings you can obtain a surprisingly cheap meal; over there a large office block inscribed "Hankkija" proves on inquiry to be the headquarters of the cooperative wholesale society supplying farmers' requisites through 1,700 member stores. Forty per cent of the wholesale trade in fertilizers and concentrated cattle-food, 60 per cent of that in seed, and 45 per cent in farm machinery is done through this organization.

But I do not want to write still another general description of the cooperative movement in Finland and Scandinavia. It is rather my purpose to discuss some of the economic consequences of its development, particularly in relation to the cost of living. Facts and figures quoted will relate to Swedish and Finnish experiences, but the same tendencies can be observed in Norway and Denmark.

In all these countries inspiration for the consumers' cooperative movement was drawn from the English Rochdale "Pioneers," one of whose chief principles was that current prices should be observed. This was no doubt a wise policy when the movement was young and weak and would have had difficulty in surviving a price war with private merchants. Moreover, when current prices meant unduly high profits these were returned to members by dividends on purchases, which served as useful publicity. But up here in the north, as the movement has grown, there has been a shift in emphasis. It has been found that members could be attracted without high dividends—the usual rate in Sweden is now about 3 per cent—and there has been a tendency to employ a large proportion of the annual surplus to build up capital resources and extend operations.

With a growth of business making possible a reduced expense ratio, the cooperatives decided that, instead of following current prices, it was their task to lead them in a downward direction, particularly in the case of those commodities in which they controlled a considerable share of the trade in any locality. Thus the fruits of greater efficiency in distribution have been passed on to members in the form of lower prices rather than of increased rebates on purchases, and as a result the interests of all consumers have been served. The consequence of this policy, however, has not been to crush the private merchants, who in both Finland and Sweden still account for the bulk of the retail business. But it has stimulated them to increase their own efficiency and find ways and means of cutting expenses. Thus in both these countries private storekeepers have formed their own cooperative wholesale organizations so as to obtain goods on more economical terms and to retain for themselves the middlemen's profits. In their turn the wholesalers have been forced to concentrate, not in order to obtain monopoly prices, which are hardly possible in the face of cooperative competition, but to reduce trading costs.

As a result of these developments we find that the average expense ratio of the two Finnish cooperative wholesale societies for the years 1933 to 1937 was only 3.32 per cent. For the retail merchants' organizations the figure was even lower —2.87 per cent—while that of the private wholesalers was 3.64 per cent. For the same period the expenses of retail societies affiliated to the General Union of Finnish Cooperative Societies averaged 6.1 per cent of turnover, while those belonging to the Central Union, which are found more in the urban districts where wages are higher and which operate more restaurants, amounted to 9.5 per cent. Even this is a very low figure compared with the costs of retail distribution in other countries. According to the *Finnish Trade Review*, the average in Germany for 1930 to 1935 was 23.5 per cent, while in the United States in 1933 it was 28 per cent. In Sweden the expense ratio of the consumers' cooperatives averages about 10 per cent.

Reductions in the cost of distribution which are passed on to consumers obviously make possible a larger turnover of goods and thus act as a direct stimulus to production. But their benefits must be limited if the actual manufacture of common commodities is subject to monopolistic control. Thus the cooperative movement, which begins with retailing and naturally extends to wholesaling, finds it necessary to take a third step and engage in production. Its first efforts have usually been in food industries, especially baking, flour-milling, and meat-packing. In countries like Sweden, however, where the standard of living is comparatively high, working-class expenditures on articles other than food become proportionately more important, and an all-round attack on the high cost of living necessitates a wider challenge to the industrial monopolists.

Such a challenge has been made by Kooperativa Forbundet (K. F.), the Swedish wholesale society, which has organized a considerable group of industrial enterprises. In each case it has embarked on manufacture only after careful investigation showed a large margin between costs and selling prices, indicating that monopoly profits were being extracted by the existing concerns in the field.

One of K. F.'s outstanding achievements has been in the rubber-footwear industry, which up to 1927 was wholly under the control of a powerful and extremely profitable cartel. The opening of a K. F. factory caused an impressive fall in prices over the next few years (in the case of men's galoshes they were halved), and at the same time led to a rapid increase both in production and in the numbers employed in the industry. Here was a clear demonstration that the demand for articles of popular consumption is extremely sensitive to price movements.

The "Luma" electric-lamp factory, started in 1930, was directed against an international cartel and, although a creation of K. F., is now appropriately operated by Nordisk Andelsforbund, an association of the national cooperative or-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ganizations of all four northern countries. Price reductions effected by this enterprise are estimated to have saved Swedish consumers alone six million kroner annually. A second factory is now operated in Norway, and a third is being built at Glasgow in collaboration with the Scottish Cooperative Wholesale Society. In this industry prior to 1930 output was gradually increasing while the number of workers engaged was declining. Technological improvements had made possible a greater margin between costs and prices, which meant higher profits but reduced employment. As a result of "Luma," prices dropped sharply and consumption was so stimulated that a considerable increase in employment became possible. This shows that technological advances need not cause unemployment in industries where the demand for the product is an elastic one, provided that their fruits are passed on to consumers.

Cooperative interference with private profit-making must be extremely disagreeable to the capitalists concerned. Cooperatives cannot be bought off, as private competitors usually can, nor can their enterprise be denounced as a species of communism. Indeed, cooperative economic theory harks back to the classical principles of the Manchester school in its belief that optimum production and distribution of goods require a play of the forces of supply and demand unrestricted by monopoly in any form. This is an interpretation of laissez faire which will hardly appeal to those numerous capitalists to whom the phrase only means "no government interference."

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

SOCIETY NEWS: From the society page of the Washington *Post:* "Mr. and Mrs. George Garrett took off with their family yesterday for Maine. With the Garretts went their butler Eugene, who, it seems, is not only an expert at buttling but is one of Hitler's key men in this country. When Eugene was married a few days ago, two members of the German embassy attended the wedding and reception. Among the presents he received from German officials throughout the country was a handsome silver tea service from Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Sholtz."

NATIVE REACTIONARIES are flooding newspaper letter columns with crude "Communist" propaganda, signed by obviously Jewish names. . . . There's a persistent report that G. E. R. Gedye is having difficulty getting a Russian visa. . . . A group of promoters in South Bend, Iowa, recently applied for a license to erect a statue of Christ there as "a symbol of defiance to communism." They wanted to solicit $1,500,000 for the venture, and merely keep a third as their fee. The request wasn't granted.

NEWSPAPERS NOTED the other day that Arizona's Senator Ashurst had modestly inserted twenty pages about himself in the *Congressional Record.* Among the material was a newspaper editorial which observed: "Henry Fountain Ashurst can never be a Communist. Above all things, he knows politics too well. He is as full of politics as a dog of fleas. He is, above everything else, a politician . . . just a politician out looking for votes."

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRAGEDY: The Washington *Star* recently published this correction: "In an article in the *Star* yesterday announcing revisions by the Labor Board of some of its rules of procedure, it was stated that the board had declined to receive an employer petition filed by the General Motors Corp. The article should have read 'decided' to receive it. Elsewhere in the story it was said the regulation permitted employees to petition for Wagner Act elections, whereas the correct word was 'employers.' The *Star* regrets the errors, both of which were typographical."

LEFT WING: Among the myriad left-wing factions is one called "The League for a Revolutionary Workers' Party." Because its leader was B. J. Field, the group was known as the "Fieldites" in leftist circles. Now, it is reported, Field himself is resigning. . . . The Young Communist League got a flurry of membership applications after a recent article in *Liberty* charging that it encouraged "sex freedom" among its members.

WHEN AN alien arrives here, he must get a "certificate of arrival" before he receives his first papers. It usually takes six months to obtain the certificate; but because many states require first papers before an alien can practice medicine, alien doctors have been given their certificates more promptly. Now they are running into long delays. The reason, a Congressman explains privately, is that the American Medical Association protested against preferential treatment for alien doctors.

FROM A letter published in the Galveston (Texas) *Daily News:* "What is the beautiful city of Galveston coming to? Friday my husband and I . . . saw two cars filled with Negro men driving down the boulevard toward 21st. . . . Along came a Negro man riding on a bicycle on the seawall. . . . A little later three Negro girls came walking along the seawall. I could hardly believe my eyes were not deceiving me. I just couldn't get over the idea of Negroes being allowed to come on the boulevard east of 27th. If such goings-on are to be allowed I think our beach is going in for a great disaster. I think the Galveston police should see that the situation is remedied. . . ."

THIS HAPPENED in a courtroom in a provincial Polish town recently: A youth who had been arrested was quizzed by the judge to test his mental powers. He was asked how many countries there are in Europe. His lawyer solemnly protested, insisting that his client hadn't read the morning paper.

TO VISITORS in Rio de Janeiro the Touring Club of Brazil sells a detailed guidebook which lists the addresses of hotels, restaurants, embassies, and consulates. The consulates are printed in alphabetical order, with one exception. Germany comes first, then Argentina, Belgium, Bolivia, and so on.

[*The $5 prize for the best item submitted during July goes to J. M. of Washington, D. C., for the item about "music in business" published two weeks ago.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"Don't You Know?" Mr. President

> Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole country into a flame? Don't you know that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say: "This is the way. Follow me!"—and lead in paths of destruction!

MR. PRESIDENT, these words were spoken by Woodrow Wilson in 1912, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, and have been preserved in his "New Freedom." They are singularly, yes, amazingly, applicable to our country today, far more than they were in the relatively happy days of 1912. For not one eloquent man, but several, who do not care for the nation, are seeking to put this whole country into a flame—for their own selfish purposes arousing racial hatreds, setting class against class, secretly and underhandedly making use of hateful foreign ideas, even importing the very language of dictators and tyrants.

Don't you know, Franklin Roosevelt, that this country from one end to the other not only believes but *knows* that a great deal is wrong? Don't you know that it feels disappointed, distressed, dismayed that, after six and a half years of the New Deal it welcomed so eagerly and supported so enthusiastically, there are still ten millions of unemployed; that the youth of the land finds almost no opportunity to earn a living on leaving school and college? Don't you know, Mr. President, that every governmental unit is laden down with debt and that many of our municipalities and states are unable to make even a contribution to the maintenance of their starving unemployed? Don't you know that in the cotton country and other agricultural regions, in the coal mines, and in the far distant fruit lands of the Pacific Coast there are millions whose plight beggars description?

Don't you know, Mr. Roosevelt, that more than ever the country looks to you? That in this hour the people are surprised beyond words that you are silent on these great issues that concern them so gravely? That they realize that our economic distress menaces our democracy; that they long for recognition by you of the plight of their almost desperate penniless fellow-citizens; that they cannot understand your failure to denounce the demagogues who literally make the welkin ring with their vile and insidious attacks upon great masses of Americans, or why the defense of our civil liberties, jeopardized all over the United States, has been left to members of your Cabinet and been triumphantly sustained not by the White House—in New Jersey, for example—but by the Supreme Court you sought to reorganize and to pack because of its conservatism?

If you would listen to them, Mr. President, you would know that the people are saying that they wish you would turn your eyes away from Europe, cease announcing that war is just at hand over there, cease joining England and France in their great power-politics game of seeking to maintain peace by overawing and bluffing the dictators into a decent inactivity. Don't you know that they wish you would give the same zeal, the same enthusiasm, with which you have followed events abroad to the solution of some of our menacing problems? That they want assurance that you are really buckling down to your administrative tasks, are consolidating your great gains, are determined to make workable all the fine and wise legislation that you have had passed, to make every dollar count? Don't you know, Franklin Roosevelt, that the people are aware of the grave administrative weaknesses of your government? That the recent poll in *Life* shows that 84 per cent of those asked said they believed that the public-works spending in their communities had been controlled by politics?

Has no one told you that the public is hurt and puzzled that there is almost an open break between you and Congress? They are well aware that every outstanding two-term President in the last fifty years quarreled with Congress toward the end of his rule. But you, they say, have had almost the whole country behind you, have had an enormous majority in the states and in the Congress on your side, and yet now the breach between you and the elected Representatives and Senators steadily widens. They admit that Congress is never easy to work with and has grave faults; that it cannot be easy to lead as long as it represents the divergent views of the various sections of this nation and the wide range of opinion which characterizes every free and independent democracy. Still they believe that the wrong is not all on one side; that you have been guilty of lapses in discretion and in policy, and have shown impatience, intolerance, self-will. Don't you know that they are beseeching you to stop playing politics and to come to their rescue?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

Class Conflict, Sunkist Style

FACTORIES IN THE FIELD. By Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

WHEN Culbert L. Olson became Governor of California, he named a young Los Angeles lawyer, Carey McWilliams, Commissioner of Immigration and Housing. The office originated in 1913, after a gun battle between deputies and migratory workers in Wheatland. The "riot" led first to a frenzied attack on the I. W. W. and then to a twinge of conscience. When there are but nine outdoor toilets for the use of 2,800 hop pickers and the ranch owner provides insufficient water because his cousin has a lemonade concession, it is possible that discontent may be due to other causes than the doctrines of syndicalism. Governor Hiram Johnson thought something ought to be done about it, nothing drastic but at least a little investigation, and gave California's miserable farm workers their first official champion by picking Simon J. Lubin to head a state Commission on Immigration and Housing. Lubin's name is still gratefully remembered on the Coast, where the Simon J. Lubin Society carries on a David-Goliath fight against the financial giants that dominate California's immense fruit and vegetable gardens. Mr. McWilliams's new book proves him a worthy successor to Lubin. Its facts are mobilized with passion and march toward bold conclusions. Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" here finds its sequel, and who would understand and help the Joads must read "Factories in the Field."

The "Okies" and "Arkies," come out of the Dust Bowl in their jalopies to pick lettuce or chop cotton in the valleys of California, are but the most recent in a long line of the exploited. Grants extorted from bribed legislatures and well-greased sessions of Congress by railroad promoters, and fraudulent Mexican claims validated by American speculators in complaisant courts early laid the basis for the state's huge land monopolies. Federal marshals and national guardsmen drove settlers from their homes on these pre-empted acres to provide the beginnings of a rural proletariat. "Nowhere else," Marx's sharp eye noted in 1880, "has the upheaval most shamefully caused by capitalist centralization taken place with such speed." By 1870 the railroads—whose construction often seemed an excuse for grabbing public lands—owned some 20,000,000 acres. "Our land system," Governor Haight said at the time, "seems to be mainly framed to facilitate the acquisition of large blocks of land by capitalists or corporations either as donations or at nominal prices." It was no accident, as McWilliams points out, that Henry George and the single tax came out of California.

The slow rhythm of the farmer at his plow and the bond that grows between a man and the land he tills were always foreign to California, as they are today. Its land barons set to work in the get-rich-quick spirit of the Forty-niners, from whose ranks many of them came. The search was always, McWilliams shows, for quick returns and large-scale cash crops. First there was a boom in wheat; fruits followed, with the development of the refrigerator car. The sugar beet was next; the latest boom crop is cotton. "The lands receive neither rest nor manure," reported one of the obscure travelers whom McWilliams's industry has resurrected. Another, traveling through California in the eighties, said, "I did not see ten honest hard-fisted farmers in my whole journey. There are plenty of city-haunting old bachelors and libertines, who own great ranches and lease them; and there are enough crammers of wheat, crammers of beans, crammers of mulberries, crammers of anything that will make their fortune in a year or two, and permit them to go and live and die in 'Frisco." To this day the dominant psychology in rural California is that of the gambler; agriculture there is a form of roulette, not a way of life; the landowner is always hoping that with the next spin of the seasons potatoes or cantaloupes or peas will make him rich; he tends to plunge on a single crop, win or lose. Usually he loses, and sooner or later California's banks, the croupiers in this game, rake him in. At one time during the depression, McWilliams notes, Bank of America owned or controlled half the farm land in northern and central California.

The exploitation of man in California has been as ruthless as exploitation of the soil, and the militant "Americanism" of its vigilantes hides a longing for labor as docile and easily satisfied as the Chinese coolies whom the growers always preferred to their own countrymen. In the seventies 90 per cent of the farm labor in the state was done by coolies, and the landowners were shamelessly candid in expressing their preference. "The Japs and Chinks," said J. L. Nagle of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, "just drift—we don't have to look out for them. White laborers with families, if we could get them, would be liabilities." When protests against employment of the Chinese culminated in the race riots of the depressed nineties, the *Pacific Rural Press,* now mouthpiece for the Associated Farmers, characteristically took the side of the land barons. It sneered at indignant white workers as "low tramps and bummers who, if offered work, will not accept it. . . ." Exclusion of the Chinese brought a search for new sources of cheap labor, and the sufferings of Japanese, Filipinos, Hindus, Armenians, Portuguese, and Mexicans find a voice in McWilliams's moving record. The growers understood the Führer's formula long before Munich, and early learned to play one race among their workers against another. The rural Babel created convenient obstacles to unionization; in McWilliams's story of the events preceding the Wheatland "riot" we learn that the I. W. W. had to use seven interpreters at one of its mass-meetings.

The Joads soon encountered plug-ugly deputies in the Promised Land of California, and the reader of "Factories in the Field" will see how familiar and accepted is the strong arm in the state's history. The "vigilance committees," recruited from the more prosperous classes, were soon turned against labor. Rival land barons organized virtual armies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in their spectacular struggles. Even the cooperatives—and the California variety bears more resemblance to the Iron and Steel Institute than to the ordinary cooperative—have used force to bring independents into line. Finally, so far as labor is concerned, success in the past has made the ruling class of California confident that the deputy's gun, the vigilante's club, and "the law" offer the best way to deal with unionism. The story of the war on the heroic "Wobblies," culminating in nation-wide raids by federal agents in 1917, is retold by McWilliams. Similar tactics and criminal-syndicalism prosecutions smashed the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union in 1930 and the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union in 1934. In California, with its monopolistic industrialized agriculture and its huge mass of farm laborers, the only way permanently to prevent organization of workers on the farm is to suppress civil liberties. The growers have done it time and again on a small scale. The danger is that they may try it on a systematic state-wide basis, and provide storm troops for the rest of the country in the process.

Class war seems endemic in California. Imperial Valley, Stockton, Salinas, and Santa Rosa may prove to have been but preliminary skirmishes. Unchecked greed seems to be shaping up toward an irreconcilable conflict in California, and one can see no easy solutions. Farm workers just manage to keep this side of starvation; small growers, desperate for capital to carry on the state's intensive, irrigated agriculture, hang on just this side of bankruptcy, at the mercy of banker, canner-processer, grower-shipper. There is enormous waste—of men, capital, and land. "The real solution," McWilliams has the courage to conclude, "involves the substitution of collective agriculture for the present monopolistically owned and controlled system. . . . The abolition of this system involves at most merely a change in ownership." There is dynamite in the adverb.

I. F. STONE

Poets Under Fire

JOURNEY TO A WAR. By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $3.

THIS book is ostensibly a record of a trip through war-torn China by two of the most talented young English writers of our day. But primarily it is a book about the conscience of a Western ruling class faced with the agony of an Oriental people to whom they feel responsibility. It is funny, brilliant, fierce, tragic, and technically superb. It is entirely in another class of usefulness from Agnes Smedley's, Edgar Snow's, or John Gunther's books. Reading these other remarkable records does not obviate the necessity of owning "Journey to a War." Less encyclopedic, less factually inclusive than any of the others, it is nevertheless perhaps the most intense record of China at war yet written in English.

It is a diary, with photographic and verse commentaries. The initial shock is Isherwood's. His "Good-bye to Berlin" suffered a curious fate in America. Brilliantly reviewed, as it well deserved, it was nevertheless allowed to lapse almost unadvertised, as if its publishers were upset by the attitude of the author toward pre-Hitler Berlin. This attitude was different from the loose and merely indignant expressions which are currently fashionable in liberal literary circles. It is Isherwood's particular talent to hunt deeper than apparent outrage or obvious injustice. He tries to find the root of terror and frequently does. The actual search is disturbing, but what he finds is more so.

His prose is full of the dry crackle of witty short circuits. His humorous exasperation has the fascinated gaze of a patient watching the surgeon operate on him under local anaesthetic. He is soberly lyrical over the veiny glories of a superb sarcoma. During a permanent nervous breakdown he nicknames his naked nerve ends. His irony springs from the dichotomy of an excellent education and a realization of where such conditioning has served to place that class which he cannot choose but represent. It is the self-accusation tormenting a middle-class Englishman at this juncture, in this place: China, 1938. With dry anger and antiseptic self-exposure, he uncovers his own moral sickness and hence his country's. This involves Hamlet doubts concerning his own or any writer's usefulness. He is of use in direct proportion to the intensity of his awareness, which is deep. His manners are those of the stock English gentleman, reversed. A lurid rat-like politeness is sprayed all over himself and particularly over such others as young Peter Fleming, the streamlined Etonian, the dazzling special correspondent who, bred to the modern sciences of appeasement and face-saving, has inevitably elevated himself from the *Times* closer to the Foreign Office. Isherwood awards all honors to the adversary. How droll the courtesies of the permanent duel; how comic the steady treachery. It is as if in some music-hall undertaking parlor he spiritually arranged the suicide of the English so that the removal of their living corpses might make it somehow easier for China. His diary makes the tiresome war glow with klieg-lit back-stage reality. The actors by some cosmic vaudeville turn are murdering their audiences.

With Auden it is different. He is a poet and, to a degree, apart. In fact, he is a monster of verse, or rather a monstrous genius inhabits him. He pilots his large instinctive talent, which he increasingly masters, around the big fresh graveyards of our world, and it produces for him with funereal splendor. Since Yeats's death he has taken his place as the first poet writing in English. At the sick breast of fact he taps for fault, extracts the limping organ, inspects it and puts it back. The disease has advanced too far for one pair of fingers to heal—he knows it—though if he were a surgeon he would be another Cushing. Yet he is always suspect—a really dangerous person, in so far as anyone is dangerous—for he threatens even our most recent and difficultly intrenched ideas. He also employs pragmatic treachery to every preconceived poetic formula. In this treachery he uses as forced allies any English poet from Beowulf to Byron. He scraps these allies, one after the other, to found a new front which may have certain special uses. Unlike others of his publicized group, his talent proceeds *in spite* of direct experience with violence or politics. It is not arrested in the rut of comfortable memoirs, on account of it. He has too much respect for poetry not to be interested in his own genius and proper personal survival. It is his good fortune that he can make poetry out of realizing what sort of man Chiang Kai-shek really is from having seen him, rather than from hoping what Chiang Kai-shek might under optimistic circumstances do for new China. Frequently a talent has been "greater"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than a given artist's "behavior" under certain trying social and economic circumstances: one remembers Wordsworth, or maybe Courbet. Auden is obviously a brave man physically, if that is significant, in so far as he neglects his fear under gunfire. But he has the fiercer courage of being able to state disagreeable truth about even our lives, and those who are on "our side." He can be hateful. He is the relentless adversary of the kind of weak conscience-money conspiratorial optimism which now identifies so many of us within the fringes of protest and action—where we have our precarious moral safety just under the angle of the guns of our real defenders.

The distinction of his writing, the disciplined felicity of his simple metrical surprises, are the combination of human indignation with his energetic and solitary gift. No longer does one find the private jokes or the ex-don's wry humor. If the sonnets are difficult, they are difficult as Rilke's are, since the thought they embody is hard for all of us to comprehend. Once they are understood, they make it even more difficult to proceed with that understanding in us. The twenty-seven final sonnets have, as a group, a cumulative connection for which one must return to the Elizabethan sonneteers for comparison. If one doubts this as facile praise, read XVI, XVIII, XXVII, or The Sphinx.

For, as in Rilke, so beautifully celebrated in XXIII, the object of Auden's verse is love and praise. The "Commentary" with its opposition of great epitaphs, its fountainous eruption of unforgettable images, its sober, musical probity and vivid finish, reads like our epoch's last will and testament. It is the index of Auden's greatness that he realizes the exact degree of finality of his or anyone else's poetry, and that such a will as he signs must have more to do with the living than with the dead. The reason Auden is writing the greatest poetry of our speech is because his one subject is personal responsibility. He assumes for himself, as a man, the entire load, the whole blame. His service is in that it is ours also, and his accusation ennobled by his colloquial disdain somehow can hearten us by its fragmentary vision of an absolute diagnosis.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Chamberlain, Peacemaker

IN SEARCH OF PEACE. By the Right Honorable Neville Chamberlain, M.P. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

THE defendant goes to the witness chair. The friends of democracy accuse Neville Chamberlain of killing Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. He cannot deny the facts but he declares that all these were mercy killings in the interests of peace. "In Search of Peace" is a collection of all the important speeches which Neville Chamberlain made on problems of foreign politics from May, 1937, to May, 1939. Chamberlain has written a short foreword to the book in which he promises that he will not abandon his efforts for peace, and invokes the good wishes of readers who share his ideal. Therefore we may be sure that in spite of all the contrary signs of the last weeks Chamberlain will continue his policy of appeasement. It is announced that editions of the book are appearing simultaneously in the United States, in the British Empire, in France, in Scandinavia, and also in Germany and Italy.

Whoever wishes to understand the politics of our time must be glad of the opportunity to read the speeches of Neville Chamberlain. It is necessary to know our enemies. And in some respects "In Search of Peace" is as valuable as "Mein Kampf." But it is a pity that this volume contains only Chamberlain's declarations on foreign politics. It would be much easier to understand the man and his prejudices if we had before us as well his important speeches on domestic politics and financial matters during the last ten years or at least a few of his budget speeches as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Chamberlain's financial speeches have always been the confessions of a hard-boiled, old-fashioned capitalist who is totally unable to understand any economic proposal which is outside the mentality of the City of London. The pro-fascist foreign politics of Chamberlain can only be understood in terms of his capitalist and conservative politics in the domestic field.

Perhaps the most interesting speech in this volume is Neville Chamberlain's declaration on February 21, 1938, immediately after the resignation of Eden. It seems that on this day he used the term "appeasement" in its new unhappy meaning for the first time. He said that the peace of Europe depends on the attitude of the four major powers: Germany, Italy, France, and England. But as everybody knows there are five big powers in Europe. On this day, when Neville Chamberlain after his separation from Eden wanted to tell the world precisely where he stood, he did not mention Russia, and this omission proves how much sincerity there is in Chamberlain's professions that he wants peace and nothing else. If Chamberlain were eager to preserve peace and nothing else, he must needs approach all the other big powers of Europe; in ignoring Russia he made it clear that his real goal was not peace but a quadruple alliance of the conservative and fascist powers against Russia and the so-called "red danger." Today, under changed conditions and under the pressure of the English masses, Chamberlain is being compelled to seek a treaty with the same Russians who did not exist for him in February, 1938. No wonder the Russians do not have much confidence in the "pacifist" of Downing Street.

Nevertheless, we can believe Chamberlain when he says that he prefers to reach his goals by peaceful methods. But the same is true also of Hitler; it is very doubtful whether Hitler would really enjoy the strain of a World War. But the propaganda methods of the two rulers are different. Hitler must always speak of war, mobilize his armies, and invade new territories in order to preserve the prestige of his party. It may be that one day Hitler will be compelled by the exaggerations of his own propaganda to go to war. Chamberlain, on the other side, can only justify his pro-fascist policy if he tells the British people that he makes sacrifices to the dictators only for the sake of peace. Chamberlain declares always in his speeches that he is ready to accept any change in the map of the world as long as that change is achieved not by "force" but by "peaceful means." When the victims of fascist aggression do not resist, when they allow the dictators to enter Vienna and Prague, Chamberlain can still sleep in peace; he would not be unduly disturbed if the Poles handed over Danzig to Hitler, or if the English merchants of Tientsin preferred to go out of their houses and avoid the conflict with Japan. If such methods really constitute a fight for peace,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then Chamberlain can be regarded as the greatest pacifist of our time. It is the pacifism of an observer who sees the victims of a gangster give up their money and watches without resistance. The average man might think it his duty to arrest the robber; Chamberlain says: "Let him go. He achieved his goal without force!"

It is extremely painful to read once more the well-known slogans of Neville Chamberlain, to follow the shameful course of non-intervention in Spain and of the suffocation of the Czechoslovak Republic. How long, one asks at the end, will the English people allow this man to smear its good name? ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Good-Will Against Men

HENRY, KING OF FRANCE. By Heinrich Mann. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IF "HENRY, KING OF FRANCE" is not as spectacular a novel as its predecessor, "Young Henry of Navarre," it is probably due to Heinrich Mann's allergy to virtue. Here as in "Young Henry" he has vice down for the count, but probity has him baffled. While Thomas Mann, accepting the existence of evil, has hardly portrayed it convincingly, Heinrich in turn admits that good exists, only he cannot make it very attractive. Tracing the social benefits of King Henry's reign in sixteenth-century France, he remains at his best in the accounts of malice, avarice, treachery, in his studies of assassins, gluttons, diplomats—a Montpensier who emphasizes in her age the traits which hardly graced her youth, the licentious ascetic Don Philip of Spain, the diseased tactician Farnese, a Marie de Medici loutish, vacant, and perverse. So too in the major romance of the volume, Henry's courting of Gabrielle d'Estrées, the descriptions of their spiritual devotion are weak, but when Henry is fleshly and Gabrielle calculating, when Gabrielle is a trollop and Henry lecherous, the course of Mann's true love runs smoothly.

Luckily, however, in his major theme—the history of Henry as a good king—Heinrich Mann does not often have to stray from the path of vice. As a Jules Romains invokes his man of good-will with more fervor than results, Mann in describing one encourages us to marvel rather than emulate. What a strange fate he chooses who wishes to help us. As king, Henry restores the prosperity of his bankrupt nation, he encourages agriculture and the arts, he establishes civil liberties, and through the Edict of Nantes he brings some freedom of conscience to a France torn by religious hatreds. In evolutionary terms what Henry accomplished was not after all so much. By 1600 Anno Domini we had regained the bare minimum requisites for civilization. Inching along to Paradise; but to Henry, who preceded us a little, what weary miles those poor inches seemed! To gain his power, he as the apostle of reason and tolerance is forced into violence and treason; he must destroy Paris to take it; for the sake of a united nation he must betray his own Huguenots. To be sure his betrayal is pious; as Mann remarks, his conscience is clear. But whether a pious betrayal is superior to an impious one is an abstruse question, or it may seem so to those betrayed, and a clear conscience is sometimes a dubious phenomenon. Certainly it might have been better if some of our famous historical consciences had been a trifle cloudier. Yet grant Henry his quota of sin in his search for a juster social arrangement. The doing of good, as everybody but the angels knows, implies a most judicious use of evil, and the end justifies the means if—and even the angels know this—it does. Henry's error lay not in accomplishing his reforms but in expecting acknowledgment for them. "What profits the community," Mann says in a discerning passage, "always breeds the mistrust that far outruns gratitude. . . . Doubt and suspicion—these were the harvest that the king reaped."

For the people of France, as well as its lords, oppose Henry in their gullibility and through the inertia of their habits. God, as Henry holds, may be on his side, the side of reason, but then nature espouses that of the irrational. Reason itself must assume the guise of intuition to attract the majority of men, who rest firmly on their instincts—or, to be precise, the instincts of their fathers. With the gloomy and amazing Sully as his one friend, Henry, directing his good-will against the nobility and people of France, is in effect fighting not only his own people but their ancestors too. Such is the tale of the man of good-will as Heinrich Mann relates it with acumen. And if Mann does not always make his virtue fascinating, at least he advocates it, since after such trials as these Henry remains, like his spiritual father Montaigne, no skeptic. For there are manifestations of the world that "sicken us of indecision and destroy the quality of mercy. We must assail and master, even at the cost of blood. . . . " Yes, and take our stand against our ancestors, the human race, and if necessary against first protoplasm too. MAXWELL GEISMAR

Memoir of D. H. Lawrence

A POET AND TWO PAINTERS: A MEMOIR OF D. H. LAWRENCE. By Knud Merrild. The Viking Press. $3.50.

LAWRENCE entered the closed circle of artistic coteries at an early age. It is therefore remarkable that he ever came, in maturity, under a simple and disinterested eye. One sensitive person has described his youth: the "Miriam" whose recollections have been, up to now, his most revealing memoir. When he was thirty-six, chance brought him to the attention (and into the warm friendship and deep respect) of another intelligent, detached observer. Knud Merrild, a Dane, was a young painter of twenty-eight in 1923, when, with a friend and countryman, he rode into Taos in an old Ford. When the Lawrences left Taos for a winter "alone" on the Del Monte ranch, the Danes, at their invitation, went along as helpers and neighbors. Merrild's account of this winter—its idyllic bread-baking and wood-chopping, and its occasional nightmare tension generated by Lawrence's fits of nerves—ties in with what we already have sensed about Lawrence's character in Lawrence's work, as opposed to what we have been told in the many distorted accounts of his life. Lawrence emerges from the pages a tortured man, a genuine and warm friend, and an almost completely self-deceived, dependent, childishly neurotic human being.

Lawrence knew himself to be a classless man, but he was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never able to stand alone as one. Because he was attached to problems he could not resolve within himself, although he knew their nature, he needed props for his existence. It is to his credit that he never tried for success or popularity. His instinct was to live, and work, outside "money-lust and greediness." He kept his own house; servants "smelled bad" to him. He could never withstand, however, the attraction of artistic groups. He spent most of his life in regions where the most inhuman varieties of artiness flourished. Hating the "would-bes" and the "sub-arty," he gravitated into their atmosphere and then, in loathing, fled it. His unresolved ties —to his mother and his early class—persisted and warped natural relations with men and women. That he suffered terribly comes out in this account: the episode of his cruelty to his little dog gives the measure of his suffering. He could brook no criticism and share love with no one. Childish pride and jealousy run in a dreadful and yet moving pattern through the book.

Merrild's account is done without nervousness or pretense. Lawrence irritated him beyond all bounds, but he acknowledges Lawrence the friend and generous benefactor. What is of most importance is his pity for Lawrence. This pity, akin to Miriam's, sets the memoir in a totally different category from the books wherein individuals have built Lawrence up, for their own satisfaction, into a Messiah or a demon lover.

LOUISE BOGAN

Shorter Notices

NEXT TO VALOUR. By John Jennings. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

Now that summer is here, most readers will find it more refreshing to fight over the skirmishes and engagements of the French and Indian War in a hammock than to shoot it out with problems of politics and economics, those slippery modern varmints that lurk behind every skyscraper. "Next to Valour" offers eight hundred pages of good old-fashioned scouting, Injun-fighting, abducting, rescuing, loving, and treacherous deviltry for the Man in the Hammock. From its beginning in Scotland, where his father risks all and loses all for the cause of Prince Charlie, this peppery chronicle of Jamie Ferguson keeps its hero quite literally on the run for the next fifteen years, dashing through the wilds of New Hampshire and up and down the Hudson, with pauses at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and ending with a charge up the Heights of Abraham outside Quebec, which city General Wolfe would probably never have subdued if a certain lady, whose welfare was of vital concern to Jamie, had not been shut up in the Ursuline Convent there. In the course of the story our hero suffers a good deal of more or less temporary damage: a broken arm, a broken leg, too many bullet-wounds to count accurately, and a tremendous lot of general pushing around. But if the pace of these things has speeded up a good deal since Fenimore Cooper sent Leatherstocking through the same campaign, the essential pattern of Indian-fighting stories has not altered. There are no subtleties—if you don't guess in advance how each of Jamie's complications will work out, you deserve to be pushed out of the hammock—but you have barrels and barrels of action, and there's nothing like the smell of powder to take your mind off the heat.

WHEAT AND SOLDIERS. By Corporal Ashihei Hino. Translated by Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

As a human document this book deserves all the praise that has been heaped upon it. It is straightforward, simple, sincere, and absorbing. It is a faithful dairy of a Japanese soldier in China, without pretense of being anything more. He fights, not because he likes to, not because he has an inherent hatred for the Chinese, but because he is told to. In the midst of the battle he finds that he does hate the Chinese because they are the enemy and are killing his comrades. But after the battle is over, he is moved by compassion for the Chinese victims and ponders briefly over the stupidity of the whole business. Yet in the next skirmish he confesses to great pleasure in hearing the boom of the Japanese artillery and in witnessing the destructiveness of his countrymen's aerial attack. One looks in vain for any evidence of discontent or anti-war feeling among the Japanese soldiers. They are mildly disgruntled with conditions; they are bitterly disappointed that the war should last so long; they want nothing more than to go home to their families. But like all soldiers they quickly become fatalistic about the whole affair. Even those who normally reject the traditional Japanese superstitions—and they are in the minority—abandon their skepticism on the field of battle. Although the book is undoubtedly honest so far as it goes, it is notable for its omissions. There is no mention of the brutalities which followed Japanese victories in the principal cities of China. Nor is any light shed on the quality of mind and character of the Japanese which would allow such things to happen. For balance, therefore, it should be read at the same time as Timperley's "What War Means," or some of the other first-hand accounts of the sacking of Nanking.

FILMS

"HARVEST," a French picture produced by the eminent poet and dramatist Marcel Pagnol, based on the novel of the same name (in English) by Jean Giono recently published here, and played by such accomplished artists as Gabriel Gabrio, Orane Demazis, Fernandel, and Le Vigan, has been forbidden by our censors, with whom this column had its last rencontre on the occasion of the banning of another French picture, "The Puritan." This new act of censorship is more stupid and less comprehensible. "Harvest" is a great poem of the utmost simplicity and chastity; there is not one second in it which could be offensive to anyone; there is neither political nor social implication; it is in fact the most "moral" picture we have seen this season. It makes no compromise with the cheap sensations on which American pictures as a usual thing are based—pictures which pass the censor unmolested. The chosen theme is presented in terms of the valued human virtues—honesty, diligence, truthful-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness. The plot is of almost bare simplicity. A middle-aged farmer, the last inhabitant of a village in Provence, is on the verge of falling, like his house, into decay, when he meets a woman who pushes the cart of a scissors grinder from place to place in the lonesome countryside. She goes with him, puts his house in order, cooks for him, helps him work. Their love for each other wins a conquest over the deserted village. New life springs from the ruins, and the fields become fruitful again. The simple tale is told so cleanly in every detail, and so convincingly, that a comprehension of the deepest meaning of life is conveyed. Acted and presented superbly, "Harvest" is without doubt one of the few films that can be classed as art. It is true that the lovers are not married, but to condemn for this reason a picture in comparison with which "Bachelor Mother" or "Winter Carnival" is a swinish affair is the height of idiotic hypocrisy.

It was only because I fell for a practical joker that I saw "Bachelor Mother" (RKO). The title had frightened me away. "You will laugh from beginning to end," I was told. Well, I didn't. The picture, however, had interesting points. It is a splendid example of Hollywood at its ambitious, pleasant worst. A salesgirl in a department store—poor and pure, tired yet beautiful, and exquisitely dressed and groomed—is fired because the Christmas sales are over. Troubled over her own future, she sees a baby being left on the steps of a home for foundlings. Not knowing what it is all about, she picks it up and is taken for the unhappy mother. The officials of the foundling home do not believe her frantic assurances that the lovely baby is not her child. They intervene with the flippant son of the department-store owner. He reengages the girl, raises her salary, and sends her the baby as a present on Christmas Eve. You are right if you guess that in the end the son and the salesgirl are married and that the old department-store owner swears that the baby has his chin. But the annoying part of the production is not so much the routine formula as its execution. Its farcical situations are not used to magnify human follies. Rather the reverse. The attempt is made to press the absurd into the framework of everyday reality. Many yards of film are wasted in some passages, the whole does not move, nor does it gain momentum with the new elements introduced in the last third of the picture. Instead of the sharp and witty satire which the theme contains, we get a collection of old gags. In the character conception of a bachelor mother, stupidities and pretensions could be brought to a pitch of absurdity, and it would really be an achievement to laugh them into oblivion if only for two hours. As it is, if one replaces in one mind's the main players, Ginger Rogers and David Niven, particularly the latter, who is excellent because he has the style for satire, with minor actors, the failure of the story writers and directors becomes quite obvious. Consider for contrast "Forty Little Mothers," the French film in which a similar theme is treated with a genuine and humorous understanding of human nature. Hollywood serves here merely *Ersatz*.

"Winter Carnival" (Walter Wanger) is a college film with Dartmouth's winter carnival as background. If you expect wonderful skiing sequences and the like you will be disappointed. Here is a sentimental love story in the old formula, containing more false tones than usual and handled

"Here is the economic setting for understanding 'The Grapes of Wrath'."—CHARLES A. BEARD

FACTORIES IN THE FIELD

By Carey McWilliams

Calif. Commissioner of Immigration and Housing

THE NATION says:

"Its facts are mobilized with passion and march toward bold conclusions. Steinbeck's 'The Grapes of Wrath' here finds its sequel, and who would understand and help the Joads must read 'Factories in the Field'."

LOUIS ADAMIC says:

Written before "The Grapes of Wrath" was published this book "does what Steinbeck did not—could not—do in a novel. It draws an analytical, factual picture of the migratory farm labor situation in California . . . and gives the Steinbeck-stirred indignation intellectual direction toward intelligent action."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

2nd Printing

At All Bookstores • $2.50

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

Will it happen again in Danzig?

LOST LIBERTY?

by

Joan and Jonathan Griffin

Can the people save democracy? In a book full of urgent warning, the Griffins tell what led up to the Munich crisis and ask: Must we pass through a new Dark Age?

JAN MASARYK says LOST LIBERTY? is "a very complete, graphic and reliable account of what took place in public and behind the scenes. I can only express my admiration for the courage and ability which they have shown in marshalling such an array of stark, unescapable facts."

Contains many hitherto unpublished documents. Illus. with maps. $2.50

At All Booksellers

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 114 5th Ave., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

badly, with a confused script. The playing by Ann Sheridan and Richard Carlson is as undistinguished as the lines they have to speak.

"Saint in London" (RKO) is the best picture of the Saint series so far, a detective thriller without other pretensions, effectively done with convincing craftsmanship.

In "Bulldog Drummond's Bride" (Paramount) our old courageous friend finally marries Phyllis—no wonder the picture is terrible. We hope that the wedding night has not been disturbed and that Drummond and Phyllis will live happily ever after—without a camera man. Goodby, Bulldog Drummond!

RECORDS

WHAT I wrote about Gieseking's recording of the Bach Partita last week applies to Casadesus's recording of eleven sonatas by Scarlatti (Columbia: three records, $5), and with even greater force. The sharp, biting, flashing sounds of the harpsichord are the terms in which Scarlatti conceived these fascinating works—the essential terms in which he achieved the sparkle, the sharpness, and bite that are among their chief fascinations. Transference to the piano inevitably brings with it a loss of these qualities—a loss which is smaller if the pianist makes his style dry and sharp, with a minimum of pedal, than if, like Gieseking and like Casadesus on these records, he makes it smoothly and sensitively flowing, with a great deal of pedal. Played in this way the works acquire a different character; and in this character, as Casadesus plays them, they are exquisite.

A new Columbia set of Wagner's "Siegfried-Idyl" (two records, $3.50) offers a characteristically simple, straightforward performance by Weingartner with the London Philharmonic which causes the work to lack the intimate warmth and tenderness that constitute its special quality. As for the set (two records, $3.50) of Gluck's Overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" made by Howard Barlow with his Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, the quiet opening measures of the work are, either as played or as recorded, too loud and coarse, and the forceful passages later on have the loudly wooden sound that was heard in the set of Haydn's Symphony No. 98.

Liszt's Fantasia on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" for piano and orchestra is merely a display piece which gets a brilliant performance (two records, $3.50) from Petri and the London Philharmonic under Heward. His equally flashy Concerto in E flat, on the other hand, is one of the works with serious pretensions which I cannot, however, take seriously. Gieseking's playing in the old Columbia set (two records, $3.50) has far more warmth, color, and verve than Emil Sauer's in the new Columbia set (three records, $5); but the new one offers the imposingly spacious orchestral framework created by Weingartner with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra.

Gieseking has made a fine new recording ($1) of Debussy's early, popular, and undistinguished Arabesques, in which there is no hint of the original piano style of the later pieces. On another single ($1) are a Romance by Couperin and a Serenade from Grétry's "L'amant jaloux"—charming music sung with a hard voice and with little that can be called phrasing by the French tenor Villabella. And the two Mozart sonatas for organ and orchestra played by Pierron with an orchestra under Gerlin on still another single ($1) can be neglected.

Coming to jazz, the Kirby Orchestra's distinctive and distinguished style in ensemble and solo performance is to be heard in "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" (Vocalion); Louis Armstrong does some fine playing in "Savoy Blues" (Decca); and a coupling of "California, Here I Come" and "Sunday" (Commodore) offers excellent solos by Joe Bushkin on piano and Bud Freeman on saxophone and powerful ensemble choruses, all of which are disturbed by Lionel Hampton's noisy and tasteless drumming (it was however not Schutz, as I wrote, but Hampton, as I learned after long investigation, who contributed the extraordinarily delicate and witty drumming to the Goodman Quartet's "I Know that You Know"). Other records have only an occasional solo to distinguish them: the muted trumpet solo in the Basie Orchestra's "Jump for Me" (Vocalion); the piano solos in the Frankie Newton Orchestra's "Jitters" and "Jam Fever" (Vocalion); Alan Reuss's long guitar solo in the Teagarden Orchestra's "Pickin' for Patsy" (Brunswick). "The Little Man Who Wasn't There" and "It Seems Like Old Times" are second-rate specimens of the kind of song Mildred Bailey sings best (both on Vocalion); and her singing has the exciting support of members of the Kirby Orchestra with Norvo on xylophone.

B. H. HAGGIN

RESORTS

HILLTOP LODGE

. . . FOR A PERFECT VACATION! . . .

ON SYLVAN LAKE • HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.

56 Miles from New York City — R. R. Station — Pawling, New York

Telephone: Hopewell Junction 176

BREAK THE ROUTINE AND MAKE HILLTOP YOUR HOME FOR A DAY, A WEEK OR A MONTH. ALL FACILITIES FOR A GLORIOUS, ACTIVE VACATION, OR A QUIET REST.

• ALL SPORTS

Swimming — Handball — Tennis — Basketball — Bicycles — Golf (free) — Ping Pong — Fishing — Boating — Horseback Riding — ALL ON PREMISES. Complete Social Staff. — Dramatics, Forum, Dancing.

• ALSO

New cottages with private showers. — Reasonable rates. — Countless improvements for the 1939 season. All Union Employees.

Rates: $23 — $25 — $27.50 — $29.50
Week-end: $4.50 per day

Under direction of Paul Wolfson and Sol Rothauser.
N. Y. Office, 200 Broadway • Phone COrtlandt 7-3958

QUISISANA CAMPS

in CENTER LOVELL, MAINE

Located on LAKE KEZAR (considered most beautiful in U. S. A.), in Maine's pine woods and White Mountain Region.

QUAINT — RESTFUL — ROMANTIC

Cheerful individual cottages with bath, fireplace, electricity. Main Lodge rooms with or without private bath. Food of highest quality, wholesome, tempting. Golf, tennis, boating, swimming, natural sand beach. Excellent fishing. Hay fever relief. Non-sectarian.
Ownership-Management. Special low rates during September.

RATES FROM $30 A WEEK. AMERICAN PLAN. WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

"Zounds!"

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* for May 20 there was a little item about *Fortune*. It had to do with an article on accounting by Kenneth MacNeal, and it was correct in saying that *Fortune* had the article in type for its June issue, and then did not publish it. Everything else in the paragraph was wrong and misleading.

You say, for example, that "pressure was brought to bear by an outstanding firm of public accountants to have the article killed." That is completely untrue. No pressure was brought to bear by a firm of public accountants or by any other firm, and there is no reservation or evasion in this denial. You say also, "That week-end Publisher Henry Luce and Treasurer Charles Stillman conferred with the firm's agents." That is just as untrue. Mr. Luce and Mr. Stillman did not confer with anybody's agents, and did not so far as we know even confer with one another. You end up by saying, "On May 1 they ordered the story out and the June issue revamped." They did nothing of the sort.

In other words, the melodrama set forth in your paragraph never took place. The facts are different, and we regret to say, less interesting. The accounting story was suggested in the first place by Mr. Hodgins, one of the undersigned. *Fortune's* assistant managing editor, William B. Harris, gave a commission to Mr. MacNeal to prepare it. Mr. MacNeal submitted not one but several drafts, and since they completely satisfied neither him nor us, Mr. MacNeal and Mr. Harris jointly worked on still another draft. As press time for the June issue approached we had the article set, and in proof form we submitted it to three people particularly qualified to pass on its accuracy and sense. These three were Mr. M. T. Moore of our attorneys, Cravath, DeGersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, Mr. J. A. Lindquist of our accountants, Ernst and Ernst, and Mr. Stillman. (You missed a wonderful "conspiracy" angle, by the way, in not pointing out that Mr. Moore's firm are also attorneys for the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse and Company, who were mentioned—but only mentioned—in the article.)

Mr. Moore was mildly critical; he said that in his opinion the article contained many good things, but that he did not consider it an adequate treatment of either the *pros* or *cons* on the points covered. Of the comment of Mr. Lindquist of Ernst and Ernst we know nothing to this day, since it was received *after* the decision not to publish Mr. MacNeal's piece and has not been examined. Of the three critics only Mr. Stillman was emphatic. He thought the article completely inadequate. The main controversy was around Mr. MacNeal's propositions that accountants should become appraisers and that a new set of conventions should govern the writing-up as well as the writing-down of assets. A long conference between the Messrs. Moore, Stillman, Harris, and Hodgins resulted in no final decision. The next day Mr. Hodgins asked Mr. Luce to read the article, of which he had previously known nothing. He did, and said that if it were his decision he would publish it and carry an italic conclusion pointing out some of the objections to Mr. MacNeal's proposals. Mr. Hodgins was still debating this advice when Mr. Harris, who by this time was the article's godfather, said that he felt it should not run; that he was sure the objections to it lay in the fact that it covered too rapidly the points which Mr. MacNeal's forthcoming book, "Truth in Accounting," took up at much greater length, and that the compression of the article damaged its logic and plausibility. That was the final precipitant—not any "ordering" in and out of stories as the result of "pressure" by Mr. Luce, Mr. Stillman, or anybody else.

The above account is possibly less interesting, and certainly less dramatic, than your version; though it has the virtue of accuracy. But we think it indicates one point which should be cleared up between us once and for all. This has to do with *Fortune's* procedure. The entire and ultimate responsibility for *Fortune's* editorial policy is in the hands of a board of editors, which at that time consisted of eight men and has since been increased to nine. Of these nine members, six are regular writing contributors; the chairman, Russell Davenport, is managing editor of the magazine; and Eric Hodgins, publisher, and Mr. Luce, are members ex officio. The responsibility for *Fortune* is vested in this board in the sense that each member of the board is responsible to the whole body for his particular job. There is absolutely no such thing on this magazine as dictatorial pronouncements emanating from on high—unless the board itself be considered as being "on high." Normally, the final decision with regard to the MacNeal article would have been made by Mr. Davenport, who would have been answerable to the board for the wisdom of it. It happened that he was on a brief vacation. At such times Mr. Hodgins occasionally, though not always, acts in his stead, and he did so in this case. But no matter who is carrying the immediate responsibility, whether for a single article or for the management of the magazine, the decisions reached are always a matter of consultation among the editors.

So the undersigned and all the other editors of *Fortune* are getting pretty hurt at the consistent way in which *The Nation* passes them by in writing up its little dramas about Publishing in the Capitalist World. We all stand in the back row and hold spears, while the character you call "Mr. Luce" gets the big lines, the great moments, the built-up entrances, and the dramatic blackouts. Next time, won't you please remember that *we* want some attention? If you can't make heroes out of us, we would just as soon be villains. Indeed, we somehow fancy ourselves in silk hats and waxed mustaches, if that is the way the editors of *The Nation,* in the heat of the creative moment, conceive us. You might even manage to have some of us say "Zounds!" the next time your heroine says "You cur!"

ERIC HODGINS, Publisher
RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT,
Managing Editor

New York, June 30

"You Cur!"

Dear Sirs: One thinks long and deeply before quarreling with America's most respectable magazine. Yet it does seem to me that *Fortune* has stuck its neck out rather far in this instance. At least one important statement in the *Fortune* letter strikes me as categorically untrue. The sentence "No pressure was brought to bear by a firm of public accountants or by any other firm, and there is no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reservation or evasion in this denial," is abundantly denied by facts known to me at first hand both from within and from without the *Fortune* offices. I seriously doubt that Mr. Furth and Mr. Harris of the *Fortune* board of editors would care to substantiate this sentence. Perhaps Mr. Davenport, who was away at the time, and Mr. Hodgins are not fully conversant with all of the facts.

Fortune may be technically correct in stating that neither Mr. Luce nor Mr. Stillman conferred with anybody's agents, but from the *Fortune* letter itself we learn that Mr. Stillman conferred with Price, Waterhouse and Company's attorneys. It is barely possible that the law firm of Cravath et al., when conferring with Mr. Stillman, may have been regarded as the agents of *Fortune*. I suppose legal ethics with reference to privileged communications would make it difficult for you to obtain a wholly frank statement from Mr. Cravath on this matter.

The *Fortune* letter seems to contradict itself in attempting to shift the responsibility for killing the story from Mr. Luce and Mr. Stillman to Mr. Harris. Within the *Fortune* organization the attitudes of Mr. Stillman and Mr. Luce alone were adverse. After three months of deliberation, study, and revision, the editors were a unit in favoring the story, and Mr. Hodgins even appealed from Mr. Stillman to Mr. Luce in an effort to save it. To say that Mr. Harris killed the story is to overlook the fact that he merely bowed before superior authority, that the story was his pet, that he had worked on it harder than any other editor, that he and the other editors had not only "had the article set" but had put it into page proofs, and that both he and Mr. Furth had assured me only a day or two before that it would appear in the June issue.

On the whole your paragraph of May 20 agrees substantially with my understanding of what took place, and I am surprised that the *Fortune* editors should have seen fit to write you as they did.

KENNETH MAC NEAL

Philadelphia, July 24

[*We don't see how we can go behind the returns and comment further on the facts at issue. If* The Nation *made any error in describing the manner in which the MacNeal article was killed, we are sorry; certainly we don't want to rob the managing editor and the publisher of* Fortune *of their fair share of responsibility! But it is a satisfaction to know that our version is supported by the testimony of the author. Whatever the exact facts, our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. MacNeal's article will soon appear in* The Nation *in somewhat abbreviated form.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Loyalist Refugees

Dear Sirs: We read with gratification and interest the good article by Francis G. Smith on the Spaniards in Exile which your review published on May 13. I am writing you now to correct a few mistakes in his account and to add certain facts which will serve to give *Nation* readers as complete a picture as possible of the present situation of the Spanish refugees.

The state of the civilian refugees varies according to the departments, the prefectures, and the localities. In some camps the collaboration of the local authorities with the "committees of welcome" has resulted in relatively good conditions. But in the great majority the situation of the refugees is difficult, sometimes very painful.

Conditions in the military camps have been scarcely improved since the months of February and March. I should like to cite the most recent reports on these camps.

The lodgings are most unsatisfactory. Shelters are often constructed on very bad ground—sand at Saint-Cyprien, Argelès, Barcarès, and Agde; clayey dirt in the others. A slight improvement is noted in the camps of Argelès, Saint-Cyprien, and Barcarès, where a certain number of wooden huts have been constructed. Side by side with these huts are rudimentary tents—still in a majority—made of reeds, corrugated iron, etc., which are neither waterproof nor windproof. The refugees sleep on the ground; in the camps of Bram the straw has not been changed since their arrival.

The food is insufficient. The men receive only about 1,600 calories a day, mainly in the form of dried vegetables and bread. Both in quantity and in the elements indispensable to the health of the human organism the rations are insufficient. The food has no variety: beans, lentils—lentils, beans; and twice a week meat of inferior quality. As a result the men have little energy. The young men at the camp of Barcarès have been obliged because of physical weakness to give up the sports activities they had undertaken. In all the camps a considerable loss of weight has been noted, and giddiness is very frequent. The food is distributed and eaten out-of-doors; on days when the wind blows, sand and dirt make the food inedible. There are hardly any utensils or plates; coffee is rare, tobacco almost non-existent.

Sanitary conditions are deplorable. At Argelès the drinking water comes from the very subsoil of the camp, a place situated near the latrines and the garbage-dumps. The camps of Argelès, Saint-Cyprien, and Barcarès are surrounded by swampy ground, which increases the danger of epidemics.

Hygiene is impossible to achieve. There is a scarcity of soap, of combs, of toothbrushes and toothpaste, of razors, etc. Almost all of the refugees are without linen; as regards clothing, the men have only what they wore at the time they entered France in February and March. Under these conditions, illnesses develop rapidly: itches, lousiness, gastric complaints. The ill in the camps do not benefit from any special treatment, either dietary or medical.

It is hard to say just what percentage of the refugees lack this or that article of necessity. The estimates offered by Francis G. Smith seem to us much too optimistic. It is certain, for example, that a great many more than 35 per cent of the children are without toothbrushes or toothpaste, and many more than 10 per cent lack soap. This may be because such articles must be constantly renewed and all the efforts of the relief organizations cannot assure a regular and sufficient supply for the thousands of children in all the camps. But the children are a privileged category; the situation of adults in the civilian and especially in the military camps is immeasurably worse.

According to Mr. Smith, only 30 per cent of the children lack provision for study. According to our information, it is no exaggeration to say that *all* the children lack such provision. The fact is that nothing has been done by the official administration to meet this need. The young people in all the camps beg for books, notebooks, pencils, etc. Much could be said about the magnificent cultural work which the Spanish students have themselves developed in the camps and about the obstacles they meet. Not only do they lack materials, but in some cases they have been forbidden to form study groups and even to circulate freely inside the camps themselves. The Rassemblement Mondial des Étudiants is trying to help them; l'Aide Culturelle aux Réfugiés Espagnols, a section of our committee, is also working in this field, but we have made only a beginning.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELP WANTED

Woman literary assistant to author; dictation, research; part time. Write Box 1164, c/o The Nation.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Three work scholarships equalling tuition not room and board, leading coeducational College. Qualified candidates. Box 1166, c/o The Nation.

MISCELLANEOUS

Beautiful bedspread, hand crocheted by Nation reader. Editors guarantee its quality and workmanship. Price $40 but no reasonable offer will be declined. Box 1167, c/o The Nation.

Couple, 35, modest income, wish to meet Nation readers around San Fernando, Calif. Write box 1165, c/o The Nation.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Handwriting scientifically analyzed. Detailed, individual sincere analysis $2. Questions answered. Dr. Reiss, formerly Heidelberg, 681 W. 193 St., New York City.

CHILDREN—BOARD

Educator and wife will take small group of children to live with them in their country home 100 miles north of N. Y. C. throughout the year. All modern conveniences. A great opportunity for children to experience wholesome rural living amid spacious, cultural surroundings. Individual guidance and tutoring in all subjects. Reasonable rates. Box 392A, R. F. D. 2, Saugerties, N. Y.

FOR SALE

Who wants my Lake George property, ideal estate, farm, resort, etc., for best offer above mortgage? Box 1168, c/o The Nation.

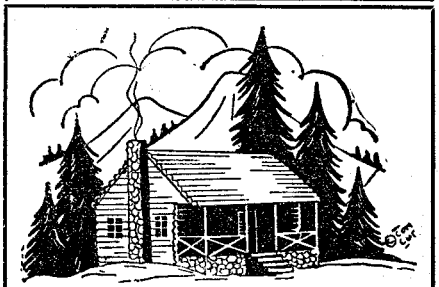
Delightful distinctive Colonial home, lovely rural setting. Desirable beach-suburb location; oil heating; easy commuting. Box 1169, c/o The Nation.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

Refined lady to share two-room apartment in West 86th St. Cooking privileges. References. $50 monthly. Box 1170, c/o, The Nation.

LISLE HOSIERY

Lisle mesh and plain stockings, union made, at wholesale prices. Eastern Hosiery Co., 330 Fifth Avenue. (Suite 1402), N. Y. C.



Going Places?

To assure regular delivery of *The Nation*, subscribers are requested to give us two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new. Please write to

THE NATION
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

RESORTS

UNCAS LODGE A Camp for Adults

- *Beautiful Private Lake*
- *Excellent Sports Facilities*

Musicals — Dramatics. Direction, Saul Aarons, Composer "Picket Line Priscilla" of TAC.
Outstanding Foreign Films Every Week.
AUGUST RATE: $24:50
DIANA & ABE BERMAN, Uncasville, Conn.
Norwich 1858 R5 N. Y. CU 6-6410

CANDLEWOOD LAKE
Recreation on gorgeous lake. Private sandy beach. Tennis, boats, other sports. Russian-American cuisine. Rates: Season $22.50 and $25 weekly. Danbury 1563 R 2.
NINA ADLERS, BROOKFIELD, CONN.

MERRIEWOODE
A CAMP FOR ADULTS STODDARD, N. H.
A reservation of 300 acres of field and woodland, with a mile frontage of Beautiful Highland lake. Due to high altitude and absence of offending weeds, campers find relief from hay fever at Merriewoode. All land and water sports including exceptionally fine fishing.
Rate throughout season $18.00—$20 weekly.
Booklet upon request. Olive H. G. Baron, Dir.

Pine Hill Farm House
PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y. Dutchess County
100 acres of secluded farm and woodland. Modern conveniences, handball, badminton, ping pong, fishing, swimming, rowing. RATE, $20 per week. Phone Pleasant Valley 2741. Louis Sakow.

BARLOW FARMS
SHERMAN, CONN.
CANDLEWOOD LAKE in the Berkshires. 65 miles from New York. Swimming, tennis, fishing. Excellent food.
Free Booklet
New Milford 758-3

Make **HILLCREST LODGE** your country home. 50 minutes by car, 30 by train via C. R. of New Jersey to Plainfield. Golf, tennis, handball on premises, swimming nearby. Millington 364.

LOWER BERKSHIRES: 350 acres of charm, 55 miles from New York; lake; relaxation. $22 weekly, $3.75 daily. Steinbeck's Oakwood's "The place to forget it all," Brewster, N. Y.

On a wooded knoll overlooking
PICTURESQUE PECONIC BAY
Fishing, Boating, Bathing, Golf, Tennis, Riding. Excellent Cuisine.
"CRESTWOOD"
NASSAU POINT PECONIC, L. I.

Workers Rest. Beautiful farm. Nourishing food. $6 with 2 hours daily work $10 weekly. Ars, Erwinna, Pa.

Young men—here's a break—reduced rates at adult camp on private lake. $18 for early reservations. Box 1162, c/o The Nation.

Classified Advertisements

62 cents a line (six words)

MINIMUM—3 lines

$6.16 per inch

•

THE NATION

55 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Algonquin 4-3311

RESORTS

SOUTH WIND
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.
Informal Adult Camp—Hotel Facilities
Private Lake—All Land and Water Sports
Fast Clay Tennis Courts
Cultural Activities—Recorded Concerts
"Dramatic Staff"

TWIN PINES
An Adult Camp

"Shangri-la" of the Adirondacks. Situated on 3-mile lake. All Athletic and Social Activities. De-luxe accommodations in bungalows and main house. Rates from $31.50.
TWIN PINES
ON TROUT LAKE
P. O. Lake George, N. Y.

For Complete Relaxation
VINEYARD LODGE
"Garden Spot of Ulster County"
Modern conveniences midst beautiful 200-acre fruit and grape farm. Tennis, handball, sunbaths, swimming, informal. American-Jewish cuisine. OPEN ALL YEAR.
Lillian S. Rosenthal Kingston 3430

HATHAWAY *Lodge*
Haines Falls, Green County, N. Y.
For 75 Discriminating Guests
Relaxation or Recreation
We offer the former Macy 592-acre palatial estate
Under the same management as
DAVIS HOUSE
Sea Gate, New York Harbor
For reservations write or call:
New York Phone ESplanade 2-9380 | Hathaway Phone Tannersville 299

Davis House
SEAGATE
New York Harbor
Seashore & country combined • Private Beach & Boardwalk • Every modern convenience like a luxurious Ocean Liner • Seasonal sports • Excellent cuisine
OPEN ALL YEAR
TEL. ESplanade 2-9380

WUNNISHAUNTA
Camp for Young Men & Women
ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE
QUEEN WHITE MOUNTAIN LAKES
All Modern Camp Features
Sports . . . Dancing . . . Entertainment
Excellent Cuisine
New Low Rates: $25.00-$27.50-$30.00
Write for Booklet
Mrs. Sadie Brickman, Hostess
WOLFEBORO NEW HAMPSHIRE

RIVERSIDE INN, Seymour, Ct., on Lake Housatonic. Swimming, boating, tennis. Excellent food. $18 per week; $3 day. R. R. Sta., Derby. Tel.: Derby 598-12.

ROBIN HOOD LODGE, in the Adirondacks. One mile from Warrensburg. Private beach on Echo Lake. Tennis, handball, badminton, swimming and canoeing. Cabins. Guests met at Lake George. $21-$23. Telephone 27-F-12.

Camp Three Arrows On Barger Lake SHRUB OAK, N. Y.
For Your Vacation: Good Food, Congenial Company. Swimming, boating, handball, fishing. Only 75 minutes from N. Y. C. $17.50 and $19 weekly. Peekskill 3542-R-1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No less serious than the material conditions of the refugees is their moral situation. The refugees suffer combined affronts to their dignity: their mail is censored, the parcels and postal money orders sent by their friends are often withheld.

What follows is a report by M. Emile Kahn, secretary of the League for the Rights of Man—a report both circumstantial and objective—written on June 8 and devoted to three camps.

"*Oran:* The first convoys of refugees arrived during the early days of March. Most of the boats were too small and the men, women, old people, and children were piled up, pell-mell, arranging themselves as best they could. Among them were people from Madrid, Valencia, Alicante; judges, professors, doctors, lawyers, engineers, and their families. There were also outlaws from justice, public women. I repeat, all pell-mell. Neither the local administration nor that of the prefecture had foreseen or prepared anything. The prefect forbade them to disembark. The people of Oran approached in small boats and passed them a little water in bottles attached to small cords. Typhus broke out. Finally, frightened, the administration dropped its lethargy and arranged living quarters on shore.

"This must be said in behalf of the local supervision personnel: the refugees are now looked after and cared for. But for anything which depends on the higher administration, no praise would be merited.

"There exists at Oran a numerous Spanish colony. As soon as it was learned that friends and even relatives were interned in the camps, everyone hurried to pay them a visit, but every request to enter the camp was rejected. Only political personages were allowed to enter the camps. The Spaniards of Oran, and some of the French people also, then asked if they might take refugees into their homes. The administration of the department, without refusing, began to quibble. Authority was given to a subordinate civil servant who decides such requests according to his humor and the political opinions of the applicant. Thus it happened that the president of the Oran section of the League for the Rights of Man was refused permission to lodge the president of the Valencia section of the league in his own home at his own expense.

"*Gours:* What is happening at the camp of Gours? The military and civil authorities frequently complain of 'legends' of mistreatment. Let them blame themselves and their stupid instructions. If they permitted others besides fascist notables to visit the camp no legends would be going around. . . . Lieutenant-Colonel Nicoleti of the republican reserve officers, a witness of scrupulous probity, reports the words of a Mobile Guard who, after an altercation with a Spaniard in the camp, rubbed his hands together saying: 'Ah, what he had was a hard head. . . .' Collective letters come through to us signed by the volunteers of the brigades, friends of France, who report the same odious facts.

"*Collioure:* We are assured that the facts recorded in the press about the prison camp of Collioure are indicative of what actually exists there. Here again an absolutely independent inquiry is indicated. But meanwhile three scandalous facts are acknowledged. First, those detained in the camp are not allowed to receive visits from their families or their friends. The refugees, according to an official report, can be placed in three categories: those who are accused of violations of law, those accused of infractions of discipline of no great seriousness, those whose political activities are considered injurious to order in the camps. Persons accused of violations of law are imprisoned without judgment, without accusation, without notification of the charges against them, without any means of defense.

"The third fact, making the second worse, is that the duration of imprisonment is not fixed. It can be prolonged or shortened. At the pleasure of whom?

It is only by recording the facts as they are that international opinion will be made to understand that the lot of hundreds of thousands of unfortunate Spanish refugees is still far from being regulated in a manner either human or satisfactory.

MADELINE BRAUN

General Secretary of the Comité International de Coordination et d'Information pour l'Aide à l'Espagne Républicaine

Paris, June 12

Villard and Tradition

Dear Sirs: I should like to take exception to several of the statements made by Mr. Villard in his article No Third Term for Roosevelt in *The Nation* of June 17.

"If three terms are all right," Mr. Villard writes ,"then four terms will be, then five, then six, and then Presidency for life." Any American historian nurtured in the liberal tradition can see the falseness of this theory. The American people can choose to elect, reelect, or defeat a candidate when they wish. Governor Lehman has been reelected governor of New York State three times. Would the learned Mr. Villard say that Lehman has established, or soon will establish, a dictatorship?

Mr. Villard's second argument is linked closely with the first. The American tradition of free speech, assembly, and worship is a precious thing. But there are also traditions which bind us and retard progress. Because in the past no President has been elected for a third term, it does not follow that none should be given a third term now or in the future. Tradition for tradition's sake is reactionary and slave-like.

As far as Mr. Ickes is concerned, it might be pointed out that the Secretary of the Interior has been one of the most outspoken and progressive members of the Cabinet. It is not unethical for him to support the reelection of a progressive candidate.

ALBERT H. GINSBERG

New York, July 15

CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post,* is the author of a book on lobbying, "The Pressure Boys," to be published soon.

WALDO FRANK, a contributing editor of the *New Republic,* has recently returned from an extensive tour of Mexico. His latest book is "The Bridegroom Cometh."

JAMES H. GRAY is on the staff of the Winnipeg *Free Press.*

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the director of the Ballet Caravan and author of "Blast at Ballet."

ARTHUR ROSENBERG, formerly professor of history at the University of Berlin, is now teaching at Brooklyn College.

MAXWELL GEISMAR is a member of the English Department of Sarah Lawrence College.

LOUISE BOGAN is the poetry critic of the *New Yorker* and the author of a book of verse, "The Sleeping Fury."

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED